



ESTOTE FIDELES

1943

ESTOTE FIDELES

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By

The 1943

Graduating Class

of the

St. Boniface

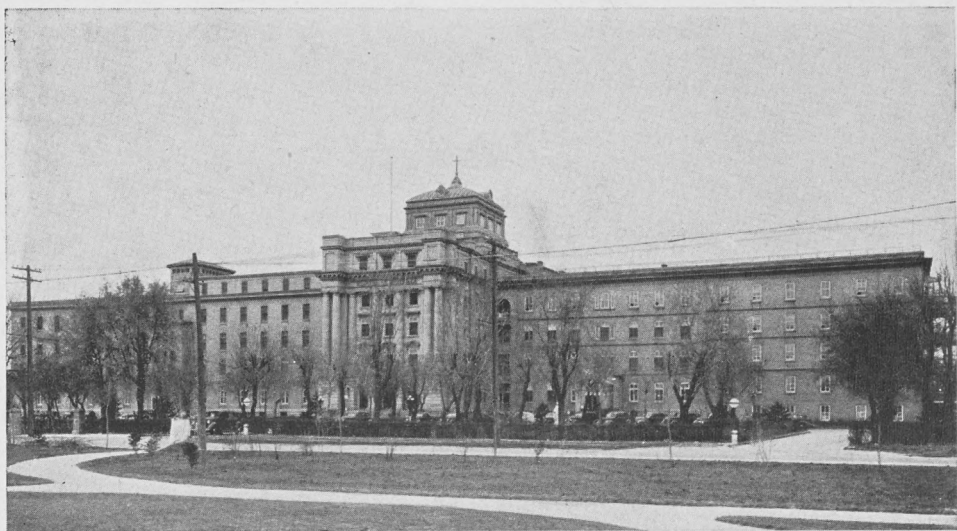
School of Nursing



*The Promise
of the
Future*

... Theme of 29th Annual Convention of the Manitoba Association of Registered Nurses.

Courtesy of Canadian Nurses' Association.



ST. BONIFACE HOSPITAL

Dedication



BECAUSE the nation is watching, waiting, and thinking of the future — the future of our country, of our liberty and of mankind — we, the Graduating Class, wish to dedicate this book to the future nurses, those younger students following us, and who will some day take their place beside us — in the future of the world.

Editorial

THREE years have passed since we, as a group of probationers, entered St. Boniface School of Nursing. We were eager and ambitious, full of hope, as days flew by, to win for ourselves a black-banded white cap and the title of Graduate Nurse. The dream has been realized. The black-banded cap and the title are now a reality. The Hospital, the Doctors, the Sisters, have done their part; what we do with our heritage depends only upon us.

No other profession offers greater opportunity to help humanity, for the Nursing profession knows no boundaries. Where there is sickness we take our place, and may we, wherever that place may be, do our duty to the utmost of our ability and profession.

After a lapse of several years the student nurses again took up the task of editing a Year Book. This is the third edition of the new series of *Estote Fideles*. Each year we have been proud to add new achievements toward our extra curriculum activities. And now, it is to all those who have through their contributions, interest, and tireless effort made our Year Book possible, we wish to extend our sincere appreciation. To the Doctors and friends who have contributed articles; to Sister Clermont and Sister Dion for their help and encouragement at this and all other times in our training; to the girls on the Editorial Staff for their ever-ready assistance; thank you. And here may we of the Editorial Staff make our acknowledgements to all our Advertisers.

To those nurses who will come after us and to whom we are dedicating this book, we say, "May your days of training be as full of learning and happiness as ours."

M. GIBSON.

Staff Doctors

MEDICINE:

Dr. J. D. Adamson,
Head of Medical Dept.
Dr. D. S. McEwen
Dr. J. C. Hossack
Dr. A. Hollenberg
Dr. I. Pearlman

DERMATOLOGY:

Dr. G. Bedford
Dr. G. Brock

PEDIATRICS:

Dr. G. Shapera
Dr. N. Book

SURGERY:

Dr. O. S. Waugh,
Head of Surgical Dept.
Dr. A. C. Abbott
Dr. A. M. Goodwin
Dr. R. O. Burrell
Dr. A. T. Gowron
Dr. D. F. McIntyre

E. E. N. T.:

Dr. C. M. Clare
Dr. D. M. Genoff

ORTHOPAEDIC:

Dr. A. P. MacKinnon
Dr. K. C. McGibbon
Dr. H. Funk

GYNECOLOGY:

Dr. J. D. McQueen,
Head of Gynecological Dept.
Dr. Rice
Dr. E. W. Stewart
Dr. W. F. Abbott
Dr. Rady

PROCTOLOGY & UROLOGY:

Dr. J. Bourgouin

OBSTETRICS:

Dr. S. Kobrinsky
Dr. H. Guyot

ANAESTHETISTS:

Dr. J. Nylander
Dr. R. L. Howden
Dr. V. F. Bachynski
Dr. R. Letienne

PATHOLOGIST:

Dr. J. Prendergast

VENEREAL DISEASE:

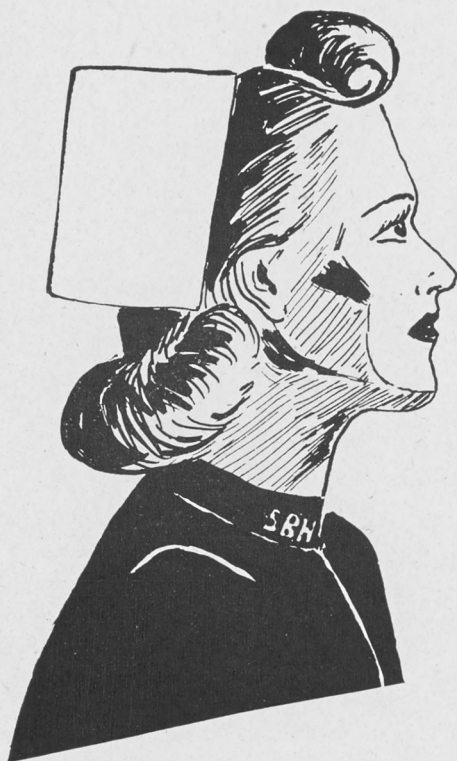
Dr. K. J. Backman

DENTIST:

Dr. Black
Dr. Weir

RADIOLOGIST:

Dr. D. Wheeler
Dr. F. Miles



REMEMBER

Nurses! You have heard your duty call
Serving mankind one and all
Regardless of color, race or creed
Doing always a kindly deed.

Nurses! Yours is a lofty aim
Be ever true to your revered name,
Be ever ready to lend your aid;
Remember the vow that you have made

Nurses! As long as man does ail
Honor the name of Nightingale,
Remember the cause you chose to serve
From your duty never swerve.

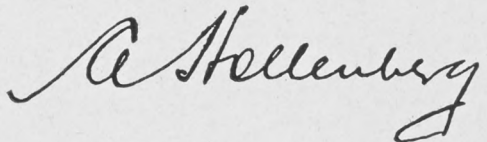
Toasting the Graduates

To the Graduates of 1943:

TO ADDRESS a parting word to the graduates of the Nursing School of our Hospital is a privilege which I deeply appreciate. I speak to you in the name of the attending Staff of St. Boniface Hospital with whom you have been intimately associated these past three years. It has been our lot to carry on the work of this large institution together in trying times. We have endeavored to teach you and to direct your efforts so that the most good would come to the patients entrusted to our joint care. At the same time we have done all in our power to develop your professional talents and sick-room attitude so that a graduate of our institution will be able to take her place among graduates of other hospitals with a feeling that she has had a course and training second to none.

Conditions during your stay here have been such that the attending medical staff and the nursing staff have both had to work under the stress of larger numbers of patients with less of our numbers to do the job. This has developed in you a greater capacity for responsibility and efficiency which will serve you in good stead in the future.

We hope that you will remember us as doctors, teachers and friends, with whom, and under whose influence, you spent three of your formative years of life. We hope you will remember us as friends who have always striven to make you happy in your work, even though at times we have had to criticize and correct you. We will remember you as willing pupils whose devotion to duty and understanding of the sick, merit our thanks and appreciation; we will remember you as our helpers, always cheerful and happy to do your part. Now that you are about to leave us you will carry forth the name of our Hospital to the four corners of the world—a tribute to our efforts and a credit to yourselves and to our institution.

A cursive handwritten signature that reads "A Stollenberg". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed title.

*President of Staff and
Staff Executive.*

Respice et Prospice

THE three years of didactic and practical instructions are approaching the climax of graduation. You have had to work hard; to sacrifice a great deal; you had to forego many of the pleasures and pleasantries that belong to girls during the blooming years of life. You have had to turn in not later than 10 p.m. when it seemed that another hour or two would have meant a little bit of additional heaven.

But what have you on the other side of the balance sheet? Surely there is no worthier career to be wished on any young lady. You must agree with me in your moments of peaceful meditation that nothing else could have given you greater satisfaction than the privileges your Alma Mater made possible for you. You have received a higher education—higher in the true sense of the word. You have had opportunities to come into most intimate contact with—and help perceptibly to relieve—human suffering, spiritual, as well as physical.

It was, is and will be your lot to follow in the footsteps of such illustrious women as Elizabeth Fry, Elizabeth Blackwell, Marie Zakrezewska, Florence Nightingale and Mde. Youville.

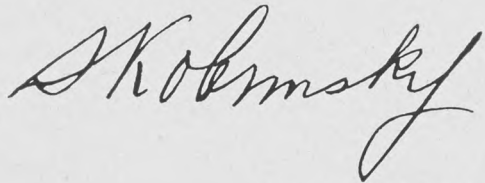
I know from my personal observation of the '43 class that the Sisters and all the rest of us, who are interested in your welfare, can expect great achievements from your future endeavors.

One cannot help but refer to the colossal struggle that the world is subjected to at present. Surely the forces of evil will be overcome soon, and all the horrible carnage and misery that war inevitably brings will not have been in vain. Your predecessors from St. Boniface are reaping rewards of undying gratitude for the splendid work they are doing wherever they happen to be.

Let us hope that whereas in the past the progress in the art of nursing was mainly due to the "impetus of religion, war and science," in the future nursing will never need, nor have, war as a stimulus.

The inevitable coming of "socialized" state medicine will bring greater demands than ever for nursing service both in the therapeutic and the preventative fields of medicine. What a vista of opportunities for creative work!

In conclusion let me quote "—in this bivouac of life be not like dumb driven cattle; be a hero in the fight."

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'S. Kobrinsky'.

Obstetrical Staff.

To the Graduating Class of 1943

After three years of difficult work and strict discipline you have reached the goal which seemed so far and distant at the beginning of your career.

During these years you have gained much knowledge and experience in the treatment of pain and disease, you have seen the effect of suffering on the human mind, and you have to be kind to the sick. As graduate nurses, you now truly embark on your life's work.

During these trying times, every Canadian must strive to give his best for his country, at home, as well as abroad. Now, more than ever, there is work to be done, and, it must be done efficiently. The sense of duty and devotion to suffering humanity will make you realize your responsibilities.

I congratulate you sincerely on your graduation and wish you great success and happiness in your future.

H. Guyot.

Obstetrical Staff.

To the Members of the 1943 Graduating Class

My most sincere congratulations on your Graduation!

You are bidding adieu to your Alma Mater, to face a changing world. You shall live through trying years, now and after the war. There will be much unrest and readjustments of all sorts to be made. At this time of your entrance on to the world's scene, "for all the world's a stage," I know you will play your part well, walking in dignity and "in virtue and white linen," as Hugo has said.

Go out in this world which needs you badly. Give it the best you have, ever mindful of your responsibilities to your fellowmen, your country, and your God. I know you will not fail, and may God bless you. May He inspire your work, and be your "Protector and Reward exceeding great."

Antoine d'Eschambault.

To the Members of the 1943 Graduating Class

Dear Graduates,

Now that you have reached your goal, may you ever remember your graduation day; for this year, far more than in previous years, is vested a trust that you will serve your nursing profession faithfully in war and in peace. Suffering humanity needs you! Your Alma Mater is with you to say "God bless you!"

L. Albino Borasert

General Superintendent and
Superior of St. Boniface Hospital.

Dear Graduates:

It is an honor and a privilege to have the opportunity of sharing with you one of the proudest and happiest occasions of your life: an event so important in your career and so happy in its presentation that it will always remain a treasured and prized memory.

After an intensive preparation of three years, your school confers upon you the privileges and responsibilities of a very noble profession. The immense panorama of the nursing field lies before you from which you may choose your particular service. It is with mingled feelings of pride and regret that we bid you farewell and God-speed.

May you by your steadfast loyalty to your school and its ideals increase the prestige which those who have gone before you have striven to maintain.

"Henceforth the School and you are one,
And what You are, the race shall be."

Sr. Delia Clermont.

Superintendent of Nurses.

Dear Graduating Class

I FEEL highly honored in being asked by you to publicly congratulate you on this occasion of your graduation. It seems such a very short time since I welcomed you, in the classroom, to the beginning of a new phase in your lives, and it makes one proud to have been instrumental in assisting you, at least in part, along the road towards your goal—Graduation. This is the day when you have fulfilled the requirements demanded by your associates and the state, the day when you publicly take your Nightingale pledge and receive your diploma. You have succeeded.

To have succeeded is only a small measure of success and this success is not complete with your graduation, because success at best is forever first—beyond reach and therefore this day is but a beginning of another phase in your career. A phase in which you will be given opportunities to put into practice the concrete knowledge for which you have been given this diploma. There are, however, many other things which you have learned, not from other books, not from teachers, but from contacts with human nature and suffering; things for which no diploma is given, things which you could take to your heart or ignore, whichever you wished.

You have all learned about tolerance, many of you to a degree which probably surprises you. Tolerance in yourselves and tolerance of others.

You have, by actual contact and experience, learned the value and the good of faith; the comfort it has given to those in physical and mental anguish, and to the dying. I have never seen a human with faith afraid to die.

Hope. "Hope springs eternal in the human heart." Those with little of it are doomed in the face of adversity, and hope has sustained many over a crisis which seemed unsurmountable. Cultivate it in yourselves. Teach it to others.

How good it feels to give charitably, not necessarily the concrete things, but such priceless things as a smile, a kind word, a kind gesture, a little encouragement. What a difference these things make not only to the sick but to all of us.

In no other profession are these things more useful, more necessary I should say, than in your profession, and nowhere are they met with more frequently or needed more direly.

These are only a few of the little things that you have learned, but acquired. Cultivate them. Make good use of them. They will carry you so much closer to success.

In closing I would urge you not to be satisfied to succeed but rather to continue to strive for success.

I congratulate you one and all, though privately I think of each one of you separately and personally.

Ernie M. Kurtze

Past Practical Instructress.

The End of the Road

(With apologies to Tennyson)

From cities, farms and country towns,
We came with expectation;
A bright-eyed, healthy looking lot,
To start on our probation.

Our first days here we'll ne'er forget—
New sights, new sounds, new faces;
And lots of regulations, too—
To keep us in our places.

A little at a time we learned,
Things nurses all must know:
How to shake thermometers
And keep our beds just so.

We learned of all the ills of men
From heart attacks to scabies,
The technique for contagious cases
And how to care for babies.

Three years have passed, and now, at last,
Our long sought goal is won;
We take a bow—we're nurses now
Until our days are done.

To cities, farms and country towns
We shall go back again,
And take with us all we've learned
In our service to men.

Honorary Prizes

General Proficiency

Presented by St. Boniface Nurses'
Alumnae
Awarded to
ELLA COLLISTER

Bedside Nursing

Presented by Dr. C. R. Rice
Awarded to
AGNES LE BLOND

Obstetrical Nursing

Presented by Dr. S. Kobrinsky and
Dr. H. Guyot
Awarded to
JULIA MOROZ

Charting

Presented by Dr. M. Rady
Awarded to
CHARMIAN KINSEY

Highest Standing in Theory

Presented by Dr. J. D. Adamson
Awarded to
MARY GRAYSTON

Executive Ability

Presented by Birks-Dingwall Ltd.
Awarded to
MARGARET GIBSON

Highest Standard in Theory

Intermediate Class
Presented by Dr. D. S. McEwen
Awarded to
ADELE GILMAN

Junior Class

Presented by Dr. A. Hollenberg
Awarded to
NOELLIE TUCKER



Our Crest

We have a Standard—a perfection toward which we strive.

In this, our crest, are the tokens to remind us of our pledge.

The Angel's Wing	of Mercy
The Gavel	representing <i>Strength</i> and <i>Fortitude</i>
The Cross	of <i>Sacrifice</i>
The Lamp	of <i>Service</i>
The Three Stripes	representing <i>Three Years' Preparation</i> for our <i>Profession</i>	

And with it our fervent hope; may we always "hitch our wagon to this star" of perfection and never sever any of the links that make up this chain that binds us to nursing.

Inventory, 1943

IT IS not without reason that people's hearts are heavy—for many have suffered personal tragedies as well as the continuous and gradually increasing threat of snatching away the very foundations of our democracy and freedom. But, along with these heavy hearts come willing hands,—hands guided and made strong through determination to keep our standards of life and liberty.

The long months of training, the swift and brief assault, and the bitter harvest of death and suffering—all this sacrifice would seem needless, if it were not for our hope and faith in future freedom and victory. To see the flag of freedom raised again without strife and bloodshed surrounding it—for this, we pick up arms and lay down our lives.

The world has come a long way during this last year—the battlefield becoming larger, graver—and we, with our small privations and restrictions adding to the might of our manpower. The manpower itself is increasing; now the very young and the older men are in the front lines, and, replacing them in the Assembly line stand—our Women. Woman-power came into being. Now in this mechanized warfare, they are striding shoulder to shoulder with our men—giving their strength, knowledge and skill.

But do you remember hearing of the first time women helped in war? Farther back in history than the Great War—it was at the time of the Crimean War, when Florence Nightingale undertook to carry womanly duties to the battle field. Women went among the wounded soldiers with their power of soothing and healing. So nurses went before, and nurses shall go again—are going again. Now, our turn is come, and we graduates are prepared to join in this fight for freedom. We have trained; and our trained minds and hands are being offered, not just to suffering, diseased humanity—but to the fighting men, the country we love, the God we worship. We shall join in this fight.

C. KINSEY.

Graduates





BLANCHE BOURHIS—Regina, Sask.

A sweet little French girl
With jet curls and dimples deep,
Her heart was ever in a whirl—
But, oh! She changed her mind—
again!!



ROSE HAMILTON—Baldur, Man.

Here is a girl who has what it takes
To see things right to the end;
Regardless of all the bad breaks,
She stuck till she got her black band.



IRENE ABREY—Deleau, Man.

Abrey did her duty,
Abrey did her stuff,
And if Abrey saw you weren't doing
yours,
You knew it soon enough.



SISTER E. HAMON—

Our jovial Sr. Hamon,
Surprised us all this way
When she frowned at us and
exclaimed,
"I'll charge you amusement tax some
day."



SISTER R. CHERLET—

Good luck to Sr. Cherlet,
We'll toast her this proper way,
After three years working with us
girls
It's luck you need we should say.

ENID BROWNING—Broadview, Sask.

A tenant of Room 320,
She kept it fairly neat,
But her heart—was it not far away
Upon the ocean with the fleet?

ELLA COLLISTER—Broadview, Sask.

A jolly girl with lovely dark eyes;
When she didn't go out at night
She'd send out a friend for a bar and
a coke
To feed that perpetual appetite.

BERYL COLLINS—Clanwilliam, Man.

A girl with such a vim for living
You will never see;
Her hair is red—and as I said
She's one grand pal—believe you me.

PEARL DUTKA—Yellow Creek, Sask.

A quiet little thing
When left on her own,
But when coupled with Bertha . . .
Well, just hear those night nurses
groan.

EVELYN GAUTHIER—Ste. Anne-des-
Chenes, Man.

A good little nurse
If ever you need one,
Her prescription for life:
"Live, laugh, and have fun!"





AGNES GEENEN—Meunster, Sask.

Who's this at a quarter to ten
Rushing into each room like a storm?
Why don't you tell me it's Geenen
again
With—"Can you lend me a uniform?"

JEANETTE HAMMETT—Rush Lake,
Sask.

They called her "Rockefeller,"
Her budget was so well run;
Around the 31st of every month
We also went to borrow from 401.

FRANCES HEIDGERKEN—Humboldt,
Sask.

When everything was going crazy,
And we didn't know when we'd get
off, and how!
Heidi would size up the situation
By simply ejaculating "wow!"

HELEN HOUSTON—Winnipeg, Man.

Just another domesticated type.
"I love the diet kitchen," she con-
ferred,
As she bore around to put the
custards away,
Made with dextrose formula, the
kind we like the best.

EFFIE HUESTON—Melfort, Sask.

Again she's on the phone,
Now away across the street;
Who would ever guess,
She had trouble with her feet.

MARY JUNO—Torquay, Sask.

A first class nurse is Juno,
A faithful friend 'tis true;
She has time for others' trouble,
And you rarely find her blue.

MARY KROEKER—Winkler, Man.

She never said much
But she was lots of fun;
A good worker too,
A friend to everyone.

ELEANOR McCORMACK—Weyburn,
Sask.

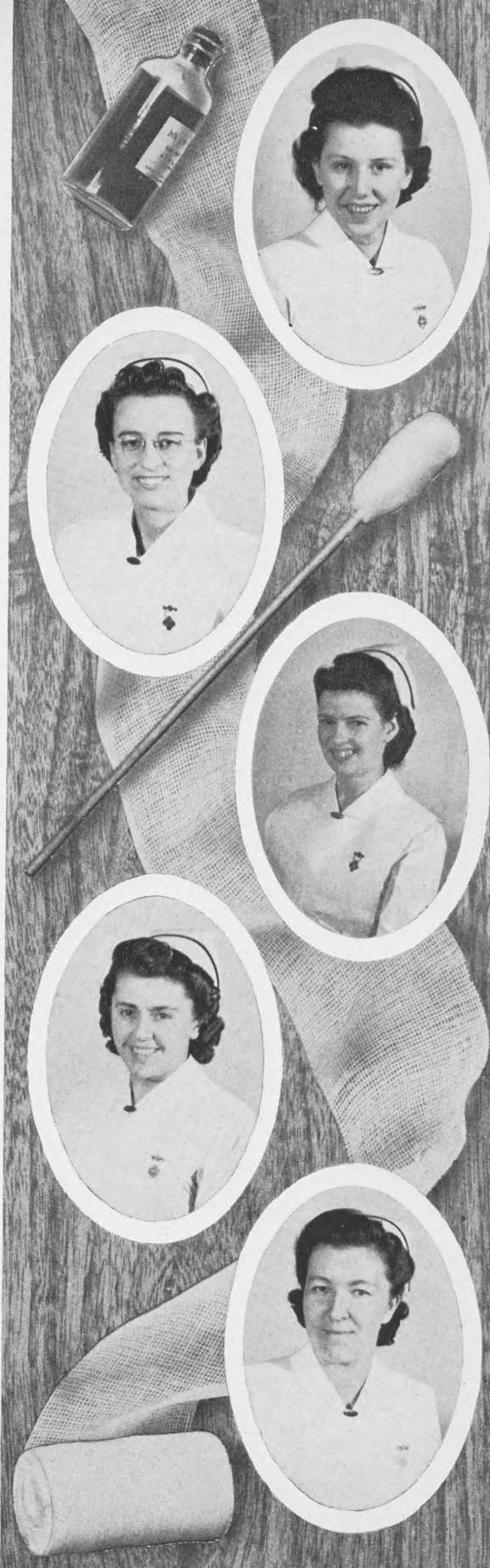
She loved the moonlight
And she had her share of nights,
To see Mac going on or coming off
Was one of S. B. H.'s common sights.

THERESE MENARD—Prince Albert,
Sask.

Did you hear a shout of laughter
From a third floor room?
That was just Menard,
A dispelling of the gloom.

JULIA MOROZ—St. Adolphe, Man.

Good on wards,
Good in theory too;
What this girl doesn't know,
And the questions she can't answer,
are very very few.





SHIRLEY OLSON—Weyburn, Sask.

Olie is on nights now,
"Not for her doth the midnight oil
burn;"
The moon to her is just another light
bulb,
Intravenous, interns, syringe, etc.,
are now her chief concern.

ANNE OSBERG—Findlater, Sask.

The clock says 6.50,
Whose that tumbling down the stairs?
Rudely shattering the silence,
Will she get there in time for prayers?

RETA RUSSELL—Russell, Man.

A very lucky girl
She does not lie in agony in bed.
Her hair curls naturally,
She has no metal curler dragging at
her head.

OLIVE SENUM—Pennant, Sask.

We thought a lot of Senum,
She helped relieve life's bleakness;
A loyal friend to all of us,
Mumps was her only weakness.

AUDREY TINGLEY—St. Boniface,
Man.

She is the artist of our class,
A needlewoman too, tho not by
choice;
But towards the end of training,
Her uniforms got voice and voice.

HAZEL WALL—Dryden, Ont.

Her conversation was brief and to the point,
"Is anybody going out?"

HYLDA WALKER—St. James, Man.

On her half-day the girls from fourth
Outside her door in festive mood,
Would gather waiting her return
from home
Laden with delicious food.

BERTHA WARBANSKI—Carey, Man.

A very bright child
She really knows her text,
But alas it doesn't give her any in-
formation
On what Pearl will do next.

FLORENCE AVERY—Winnipeg, Man.

"Like to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of self-same color is her hair."

EILEEN BRIANT—Indian Head, Sask.

She lives in four-twenty,
Things are never in their places,
She is seldom in
And the room is always filled with
other faces.





MOLLY BRUST—Winnipeg, Man.

A fascinating person,
When classes are a bore;
Molly wakes us up at intervals,
By dropping books upon the floor.



EDNA COLLINGWOOD—Leross, Sask.

Did you hear a sound,
Enough to wake the dead?
It's just a poor alarm-clock
Trying to get our Edna out of bed.



KATHRYN DANE—Souris, Man.

We like this little girl,
Her smile is always sunny;
She's never out of temper,
Even though you want to borrow
money.



NORAH EDGAR—Winnipeg, Man.

Not the type that settles down
By the fire with a book,
If you think she'll be in bed 'fore ten,
I'm afraid you're sadly mistook.



MARGARET GIBSON—Winnipeg,
Man.

"Gibby" some people called her,
But she's "Froggie" to us.
Be it "Gibby" or "Froggie"—Sir,
She sure does know her stuff.

ENID GOULD—Teulon, Man.

She rides the street cars, buses,
Elevators, walks and even climbs
stairs,
To tell the wealthy ones with offices
That for a few dollars, a page of the
Year-Book is theirs.

MARY GRAYSTON—Newdale, Man.

A shining example of health,
With vitality and energy immense;
You'd never think she would be one,
To come down with mumps in the
residence.

IZORA HAMILTON—Solsgirth, Man.

A first class nurse,
Her name is Izora;
The nurses all like her,
The patients adore her.

KATHRINA KELLN—Duval, Sask.

When you're feeling blue,
And you want to hear a joke,
Go down to Katie's room, she'll tell
you one
Coupled with a bar and coke.

CHARMIAN KINSEY—Winnipeg, Man.

Her hair is a joy to behold,
But this is the least of her charm,
She can handle a concert, a party or
tea,
Without the slightest qualm.





AGNES LeBLOND—Prince Albert, Sask.

Agnes is a clever girl,
But she's no mathematician;
So we always give her a job,
Involving subtraction and addition.



CECILE LEMIRE—Coderre, Sask.

She likes going out
And just like every other nurse,
—To be on compulsory study,
“What could be worse!”



MAVIS MACDONALD—Indian Head, Sask.

Her eyes they say a lot,
And laughter lights her face;
A sure cure Rx Medicine,
That helps the saddest case.



CAROLINE NAVID—Melville, Sask.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and light
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.



BEATRICE PEARSON—Whitewood, Man.

On the dot of six in 339,
We hear the alarm clock ring;
We hear it shut off with a snap,
For not till 6.40 from her bed does
she spring.

ROSE SOLNES—Dominion City, Man.

Who's buzzer was that?
Who's that on the phone?
Who just rushed by the door?
Again, our Rosie had gone.

FLORENCE SPONARSKI—

Rainy River, Ont.

Spinny's got what it takes,
She's a first class "nus"
With glamour to spare
And personality plus, plus.

VERA WILSON—Winnipeg, Man.

Poor child, she wrote
These awful rhymes.
You'd think she would find,
A better way to fill her time.

ELIZABETH WOOD—Winnipeg, Man.

Are you in a stew?
Is the ward so busy you don't know
what you're about?
Just call over Beth,
She'll soon straighten it out.

IRENE YAWNEY—Elm Creek, Man.

A tall quiet girl
With a keen sense of humour,
There's another at home,
At least that is the rumor.



PHYLLIS ZAKRISON—Stockholm,
Sask.

She was thinking of a certain one
As she put away her pumps,
For tomorrow was her half-day
But alas! She got the mumps.



'43 BULLETIN

LAST AND ONLY EDITION

FORECAST: CHANGING SOMEWHAT

FLASHES NOT QUITE HIDDEN

(We, the editors, assume no responsibility—we've had enough!! If these ads and items resemble anyone, existing or exhausted, that, we assure you is purely coincidental)

Personalities

A. LeBLOND—Power? Do you want it? Then learn the secrets of high finance from me. Write now for my little book, "Guides to Financial Success." Be sure to read the special gem at the end, which discusses whom to avoid in this pursuit. There is one heading which reads simply, "Nurses."

B. WOOD — Amaze your friends. Astound your superiors. How? Do something different—something never done before. Upsetting the baby-soap in the sterilizer on the "Mat," put me in the limelight for several hours. Win similar fame by other such methods.

F. SPONARSKI—Prepare for invasion. Learn to camouflage. Allow one's room to be covered with grey film of dust particles, so that it is impossible to see one within the room, will confuse and rout the enemy.

M. GRAYSTON—"She certainly is iron bound." If this statement is made about you, it is time you did some research. Acquire mumps. Make yourself a victim of swelling glands. After this experience you will be able to suffer with suffering humanity.

Oddities

R. SOLNES and P. ZAKRISON — "We were once cripples. People pitied us. Our hands lay useless in our laps. Then we took a course at the Nurses' Home. Here, by continued pressing of the buzzer in our room, we strengthened our fingers. Then our legs regained their strength running up and down the stairs to find an open phone to answer our calls. Practice of this simple routine changed us from weaklings into the human dynamos we are today."

C. LEMIRE—Are you talking in the 18th century? Do people stare at you when you talk. Bring your English up to date. Learn the latest, snappiest expressions and how to say them. "O Kid," and "Nooo," with the proper emphasis, are only two of the brilliant expressions of speech taught.

I. HAMILTON—Achieve originality. Wear your cap at an angle. Personal demonstrations daily.

B. BOURHIS—Don't get into a rut. Get out and see the world at least once a day. Not always with the same person. Get a variety of opinions and ideas. Go out with a different "friend" every night.

Addities

E. BRIANT and V. WILSON—"Teen-a-Mint" chewing gum cured our sleeping sickness. We now find no trouble in keeping awake.

M. BRUST—Are you lonely? Do people ignore you because you cannot hear what you are saying? Improve the volume of your voice by the Brust Method.
1. By whispering after lights are out.
2. By yelling for the bath-tub.

These are only two of the helpful and interesting exercises taught.

E. COLLINGWOOD—"For the past year I had been run down, depressed, lifeless, then I read your advertisement for "Elixir of Iron and Wine." I decided to buy a bottle. Now I am a different person. Now my room no longer looks like an Oklahoma dust storm. I clean it thoroughly once a month without the slightest sign of fatigue."

K. DANE—"My Struggle," this book is winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize. It should be definitely put on your "must" list. The efforts of the author to rouse her roommate at 6 a.m. from slumber inspired this mighty epic. Publication by the author herself.

Views 3 News

B. WARBANSKI—Buy and Sell: suitable party. Will sell quiet, encephalic (sleeping sickness) roommate to suitable party.

T. MENARD—Are your parties a flop? Do they lack zip and zest? Apply to Menard, World Entertainer. Afternoon or evening performances given. Special rates to the nursing profession.

E. MCCORMICK—"Variety is the spice of life," I advocate new hair styles for each new day. Try one of our latest coiffures and keep your spirits uplifted.

A. GEENEN—When your sense of direction fails you, and every turn looks the same to you, call Geenen & Menard Direction Agency. We will set your feet in the right direction.

B. COLLINS—"Ten Minute Glamour Routine." Wake up the natural beauty of your face. B. Collins, foremost authority on feminine beauty, reveals that she always advises chewing gum for the face. It strengthens those facial muscles, and goes away your double chins. Purchase your supply at our salon. You can have favors to suit the individual taste.

- E. GOULD—"For years I had been an insignificant, miserable member of society. Then I took up advertising. Both my mental and physical status increased, and the muscles in my legs have acquired a pleasing iron-like rigidity from climbing stairs. I can calculate the difference between the amount of money received and the amount required, to the penny. I advise all my friends to take up this new and profitable field of endeavor."
- I. YAWNEY—"I achieved destitution and disappointment by not getting a feather bob. It may not be wise to do the same. My advice is to see a counselor-on-hours."
- K. KELLN—"Recreational Training School, 413 Nurses' Home. All types of entertainment to suit all types of people. Afternoon classes 1:30-4:30; evening classes 7:30-9:30. Enroll now."
- C. KINSEY—"Don't waste those spare minutes! Write for our free ten-page booklet, 'March with Time, or Food for Thought at 2 a.m.' is the enticing title."
- M. MACDONALD—"I strongly recommend fresh air. See that you get out at least once a day, and take a good long walk across the street. Don't overdo it, however. Sit down and have a refreshing Coke before you attempt the arduous return trip. After several months of this, you will be able to get to the bus stop without any noticeable sign of exhaustion, so detrimental to the working girl."
- C. NAVID—"Are you at a mental stop-over? Then take a course at the diet kitchen. 'Keeping track of the can-opener' is only one of the important memory tests taught."
- B. PEARSON—"Long Distance Telephoning increases my insight. I now find no difficulty in telling one voice from another over the phone."
- J. MOROZ—"Is there anything you don't know? Don't buy an expensive set of dictionaries. Simply mail your questions to Moroz.—The Encyclopedia Humana. Special rates to the nursing profession."
- E. BROWNING—"Quiet girl, desires position in connection with the Navy. Am easy to get along with, and have simple tastes. Am interested in only one type of jewellery."
- J. HAMMETT—"Are you pale? Do you look anaemic or as if you had crawled out from under the sidewalk? Improve your color by going to the Observation. In three days under their green-soap treatment my hands were changed from their pale lifeless appearance to an attractive scarlet. Try this treatment. Your lovely red hands will naturally make you stand out in any crowd."
- I. ABREY—"I used to be harsh and intolerant of others. However, after some few months spent on Joan of Arc Ward I now find I can view all types of behavior with calmness and detachment. I advise Joan of Arc for personality development."
- O. SENUM—"Are you in trouble? Do you feel depressed? Cheer yourself up with a good meal. Carry yourself away into a world of sunshine and laughter through the medium of steak and onions. My motto is, 'Eat Your Way to Happiness.' I am never more jovial than when tripping down to a Sunday Blue Plate Special. Try it for yourself."
- M. JUNO—"Personal: Attractive young lady, very prone to blushing, desires suitable cream or cosmetic to correct this condition. Earnestly requests reply by return mail."
- E. GAUTHIER—"Gauthier Music Publisher, Inc. Sheet music and song collections. 'He' wears a pair of Silver Wings' is now our current No. 1 hit. Phone 229. We are reliable."
- F. AVERY—"Is your house a thoroughfare? Do you long for peace and quiet in the midst of babbling voices and senseless chatter? Try Coaloli, this marvelous product banishes friends and other pests instantly. Just sprinkle a few drops around the room. Ask for the genuine coal-oil at your corner store."
- N. EDGAR—"How I wish I could sleep!" Are you one of those unfortunate people who lie awake for hours and hours? Try one of these sleeping aids: 1. Clean your room after dark. If this hasn't exhausted you and exasperated your friends to the point of slumber . . . 2. Take a brisk walk around the halls at 2 a.m. If these fail, you are a sad case for a Psychiatrist. By all means consult your doctor."
- M. GIBSON—"Are you the pleasure loving type? Do you lack ambition? Then I recommend a course of Youville nights. After two weeks I no longer wished to rush around all night and then sleep past noon the next day. I became ambitious, I wanted to work in the daytime and rest at night."
- H. HOUSTON—"Lost: One well used candle between the hours of 10 and 12 p.m. Finder will be allowed one night's use of same."
- F. HEIDGERKEN—"Heidgerken and Heidgerken. Perfumers. Scents to suit all personalities. Try our exciting new 'Odore de Burnt Rubber', made from genuine nursery nipples, \$1.50 per bottle. Sold exclusively on St. Anne-S.B.H., 2 a.m.-4 a.m."
- A. OSBERG—"Do your legs ache? Does your back need support? Get treatment at once in the Osberg Salon. Leg casts and body spasms made to fit the individual figure. Put on by experts (8 weeks experience in No. 7), A. Osberg, proprietor."
- P. DUTKA—"Sleep, morning, noon and night made me what I am today. Judge for yourself. Personal interviews. Apply Langevin, 8 a.m. to 7 p.m."
- M. KROEKER—"Lost: One heart, in the vicinity of Winkler. Finder please apply in person. School teachers preferred."
- R. RUSSELL—"Wanted: Expert hair-dresser. Apply in own handwriting, stating experience, particularly in removing curls from the coiffure, and salary expected. Steady work and immediate employment."
- S. OLSEN—"Publishers: Are pleased to announce the publication of another 'Novel of the Year,' written by the famous 'Shirley.' It is a story of the author's life experiences. 'Man's Best Friend' is the title. On sale at all booksellers."
- A. TINGLEY—"Nervous? Irritable? Unable to sleep? I firmly believe that this is not because . . . 1. You are not using 'Rock-a-Bye' mattresses, or 2. Pinkham's Pink Pills for Pylitis. But because you need a change. Try sleeping in the daytime. This simple remedy enables one to face the night without dread. I can greet the dawn with pleasure because I know that my rest will then be coming."
- E. HUESTON—"Personal: Will C.N.R. engineer who stopped the train due to snow storm in the vicinity of Rivers, last year, please find excuse for similar stop-over at same station, this year. Phone 201181 for further particulars."
- H. WALKER—"Too little time with too much to say? Change this situation. Master the art of rapid conversation. Come to me. I will change you in one month from a stumbling, stuttering outcast of society to a perfect demon in the use of words and repartee."
- E. COLLISTER—"Do you feel that you are not getting exercise? Do your muscles lack tone, or do you simply sag at the waistline? Correct this deplorable state of affairs by walking while you sleep. Enroll now in our sleepwalking course. Classes day or night. Phone ELLA 320."
- H. WALL—"I was once a nervous wreck. I was continually finding myself alone because I always arrived at my appointments or got to work hours ahead of time. One night it occurred to me to wash and set my hair. Next morning I was late for work. This soothing and simple discovery cured my nervousness. I am now practically never on time . . . Success is mine."

Valedictory

Mr. Chairman, Your Excellency, Members of the Clergy, Reverend Sisters, Fellow-Graduates, Ladies and Gentlemen:

TODAY, as we graduates stand upon the threshold of a vast world of new experiences and responsibilities, which will constitute our life's work; we pause to consider what manner and number of things we have gained through our three years of study and toil.

We are not the same shy individuals who, three years ago, eagerly awaited the time when we would delve into the mysteries of the nursing profession, which had, for a long time, held a strong fascination for us. Our very lives have "blossomed out," as it were, almost as rapidly as the field of medicine, in forever opening up new paths to be explored. Having completed our preparations by long and careful study, we are ready to become members of this highly-esteemed and noble profession, clearly seeing our responsibilities and courageous in our acceptance of them. More than ever now, we must do our share and become a part in that great machine working towards the ultimate goal—Victory! For only by standing together, every one of us, will we be able to destroy the hatred and greed in this world, and in so doing, make it a place of peace and happiness.

The work of the nurse, I believe, is one of the most satisfying tasks to which one could aspire. It can be both difficult and adventurous while doing it; and give a feeling of mastery when it is done. Routine is an ever present factor and yet, there is sufficient variety to balance the scale. Then too, nursing offers an opportunity of congenial associates. Nowhere else will a young woman find truer and stauncher friends than those she makes during her period of training.

For three years we have lived, worked and studied together, and now the time has come for us to go our various ways. Whether in the front line, side by side with our gallant fighting men, or on the home front; we must keep our standards high, remembering that we all must serve—serve by helping the other fellow, not for money or gifts, but from the highest motives of charity. Through serving mankind in this way we will gain a happiness that will surpass all other rewards and which will satisfy the longing of a hungry, human soul.

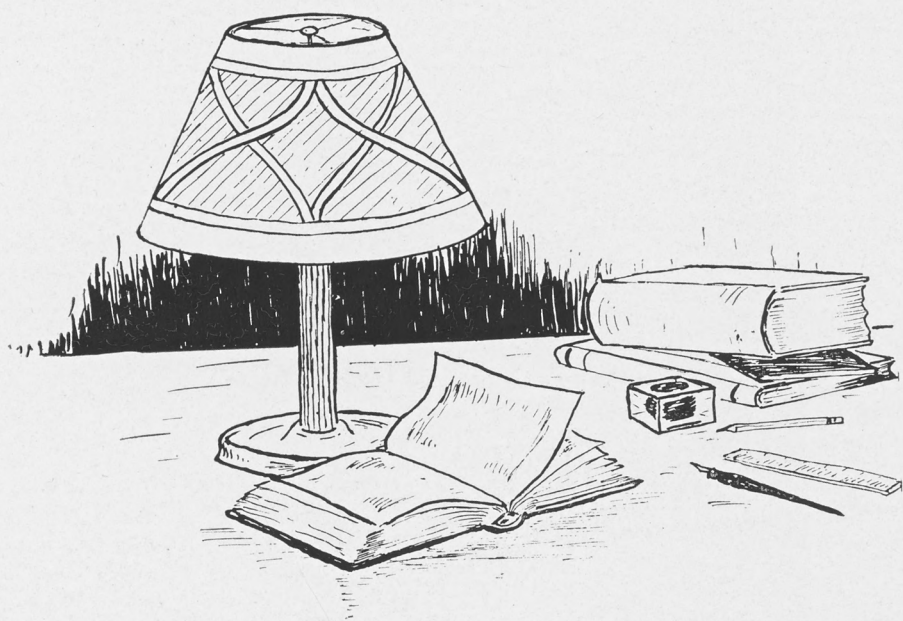
In closing, I would like to thank, on behalf of the graduating class, the Reverend Sisters of the hospital, who have patiently guided our faltering steps, and especially those who have so untiringly directed our training.

To our doctors, who have given generously of their time and energy to help us in many ways; and to our graduate nurses for their encouragement, I extend our most sincere thanks. I would also like to express my appreciation for the honor that has been bestowed upon me on being selected to give the Valedictory address; and particularly mention the splendid co-operation of the members of my class in all our various activities.

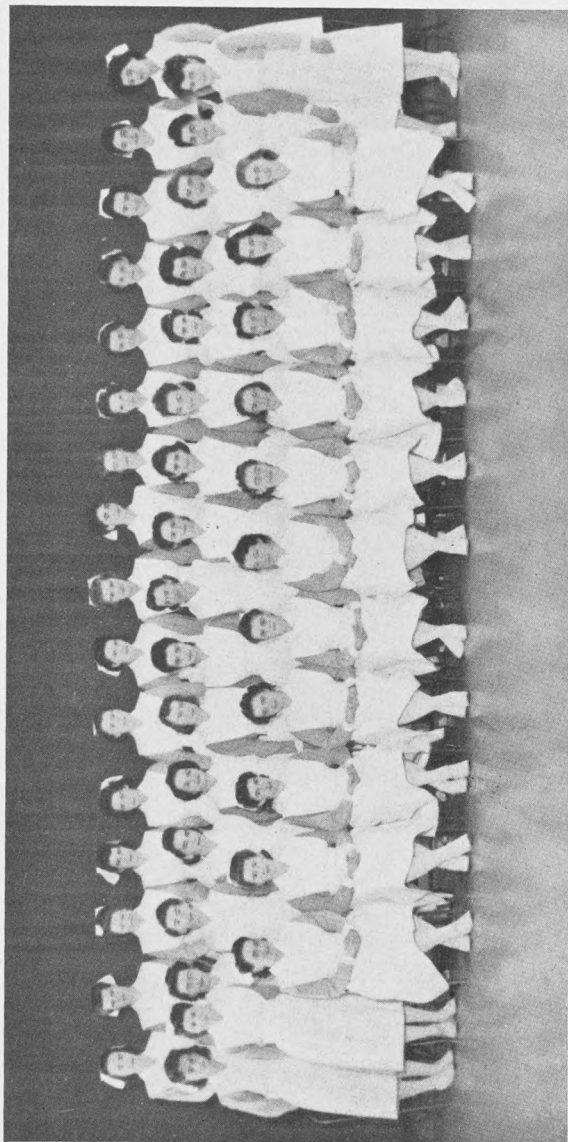
I am very proud to be a member of the graduating class of 1943, and again, I thank you.

E. COLLISTER.

Students



CLASS OF 1944



Back Row (left to right)—M. McPherson, K. Willetts, I. Morris, S. Benoit, D. McMain, L. Stewart, E. Dobson, M. Stolz, G. Hutchison, M. Boose, G. Shackleford, M. Kovacs, A. Engelstad, D. Gardener, J. Dziedzic, J. Lanthier.
Middle Row—A. Maydanyck, K. MacDonald, E. Richter, E. Hayes, M. Neuman, M. Trumbula, E. Fredlund, B. Lamontagne, M. Loughheed, H. Taylor, C. Reid, I. Crittenden, L. Meek, P. Gallagher, I. Skinner, A. Gilman, A. Mason.
Front Row—J. Perrier, M. Holland, L. Loewen, C. Hawkes, C. Prior, L. Glass, G. Grant, C. Gannon, F. McTavish, S. Gage, J. Poons.
Missing—B. Currie, M. Funk, G. Roy, C. Sweluk, E. Hurd, T. Blais, M. Dunkerley, D. MacVicar, F. Arcand, M. Mackenzie.

"Threading Our Way"

GATHER around this gay little sewing basket and we shall see if there are more bits of gay material that can be used to patch up the remnants of dreary times. The chief of our sewing staff is the wide-eyed needle Isabel Skinner, leading a long thread of girls through rough material and bright gay material. Those sharp-edged scissors that help our needle to do such a good job is Loreen Stewart. And there is our patching kit. But wait, needle, thread and scissors would make only an ordinary patch if it were not for our numerous bright individual colors in cloth. Gertrude Hutchinson, President of the Dramatic Club, comes from our bolt of sturdy but delicate blue satin. Mary MacKenzie, President of the Glee Club, is a piece of our dainty lace. So you see our merry sewing basket boasts many spools of gay colored thread and numerous bolts of material all which will make a successful article whatever category you wish to order.

Somebody placed their order real early last year—and we produced a play—"A Modern Cinderella." This was our first contribution toward the School Fund—rather successful too—wasn't it? Miss Gallagher (business manager) financially speaking, of course.

The annual events of the School attracted the talented social stripes and the sturdy organizing broadcloth. These customary activities which include the entire school, have committees from each class to help plan them. So we were daily represented with our classic silks and exciting jerseys. Adele Gilman and Phyllis Gallagher, our precious yardage of beguiling ribbons, unwound many a skein and bolt of "sheer silk" and "spun rayon" all of which ended up by producing an enticing evening of black magic.

Came Christmas—with its gay colors and haunting songs. Come the concerts—with their new array of "stuff." Smooth red velvet of Gertrude Hutchinson held as the radiant background of the uproarious dancing dolls. Fluffy marabou, M. Boose, trimmed this bit, so it held the Christmas spirit in true form. Green,

gold, silver and white were the predominating colors of many varied materials. Sarah Gage and I. Crittendon, our eyelet embroidery piece in clog shoes. G. Grant in bright plaid of Scotland, and E. Hurd and I. Morris lend a "touch" of Ireland in soft muslin. K. Ried and J. Poons of same color of rich blue—our dancing sailors of serge. Soft dreamy waltzing chiffons and laces completed the picture of beauty. A. Maydanyk, E. Richter, K. MacDonald and F. Arcand were the graceful waltzing show.

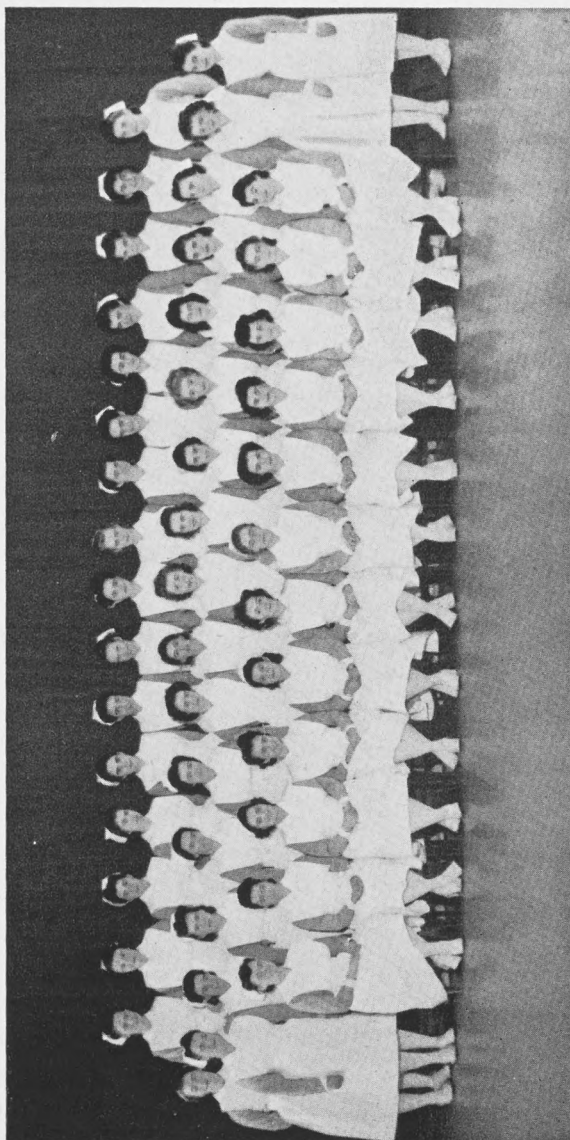
We were hostesses—or shall we say escorts to the Graduating Class. This, too, is a traditional epic—so we handled it in true traditional style, but with something new to the cut of the model to give it a new and modern touch. This all important design was under the creative skill of soft fine wool, Phyllis Gallagher, and shiny satin Adele Gilman, smooth rayon G. Hutchinson, crisp organdy J. Lanthier. These materials lent themselves well to the new artistic touch. Theatre party and dinner was the resulting design. In tune with the times, "warsages" replaced the corsages—they were war-saving stamps done up in tiny diplomas beribboned with the school colors of blue and gold.

Then the eventful morning of Graduation is come—and we are to set the atmosphere for the day. New spring prints in the gayest of colors are the forerunners to this new pattern of work and living for these new Grads. G. Roy, G. Hutchinson, and M. Trumble present a riot of colors in silk prints to liven the spirits and budding confidence in the future fashions of design in life.

As what shall come in the immediate future—it shall be our "Social event with remuneration"—our participation toward the School Fund. In preview I can tell you only of the bevy of beauty in colors and materials—but not of design which shall go into making something new and exciting. K. MacDonald, A. Maydanyk, M. Funk, I. Morris, and S. Gage—each adding new touches of cut, color and style.

(Continued on page 66)

CLASS OF 1945



Back Row (left to right)—B. Bird, F. Ferguson, D. Sobering, M. Hoover, R. Webster, L. Lobb, E. Seale, M. Skelly, I. Schwegman, B. Vermeersch, C. Thiessen, F. McIntyre, S. Berg, D. Payne, J. Burdeyny, M. de Moissac.
Middle Row—J. Guppy, E. Kusmire, E. McCaffrey, H. Skurzanski, M. Dyck, B. McDonald, D. Hurl, M. Sanders, E. Syslak, J. Williams, N. Tucker, E. Gaspard, L. Andrews, J. de Bondy, I. Sheehan, W. Imbery, C. Rosset.
Front Row—B. McPherson, B. Loewen, E. Popp, Y. Ryckeboosch, M. Armstrong, R. Collins, S. Giesbrecht, S. Martin, B. Parrish, A. Cwiak, A. Wiebe, M. Adam.

Our Year

YES, we've had it all—the fun, the sorrow, the hard work, the worry, the joy of a job well done, and the fear that we have not done our best. The days have all been richly blended and combine to make up such a year as its not lightly passed over, but one which we can always remember with pride. And now as we are safely embarked on our second year, we can look back with many a smile, sometimes a little sorrow on those days when trials and errors predominated our life.

It all began on January 16th, 1942. We watched one another curiously and anxiously, each wondering at the impressiveness of becoming a part of the whirl which went unconcernedly on. The first weeks were a confusion of early rising, hours of study, and classes, books, bells, and buzzers. Suddenly we had been placed in the centre of Routine. Very gradually we amazingly, not only adjusted to the methods of attacks, but actually part of it all—with the gentle reminders from our Seniors that night-nurses are sleeping—and the dinner hour is at twelve for probationers. We had arrived and settled.

Our "probie" days passed and we were gathered in the little parlor eagerly awaiting, yet dreading, our turn to see the Superintendent to learn if we deserved our caps. Next day, how proud we were to wear the badge of our achievement on our heads and feel, deep within us, that at least we were one of the houseful of girls who had been so kind and helpful in our first bewildered days. Remember how we used to be so startled when we were first addressed as "nurse," forgetting we had gained the merit of a cap?

But it was in August that our immediate Seniors officially welcomed us into their merry throng. We were initiated and formally introduced to the girls with whom we were to work and live for the next three years. Now we were really accepted as one among these student nurses.

Came September, and with it a new group of Probies, so we no longer were the juniors. It seemed wonderful to watch someone else pass through that awkward stage.

December—this was our first Christmas—and it was fun preparing for Santa in a way new and different to us all. But after our gaieties came hard studying again.

January, 1943, we plunged hurriedly into the fury of our qualifying exams and suddenly, they too, were over, and life was normal again. But we lived in expectancy and at last the dread day arrived when once more we gathered in suspense in the little parlor awaiting the Superintendent's bidding. This time our fate hung on a blue ribbon, and with it, added responsibilities. But now that too is one of our lasting memories and we are turning our faces forward to another goal—the goal that today's Graduating Nurses have attained, and which will be the thing that will bring us the sense of a job well done.

We congratulate the Graduating Nurses and express our gratitude to them for what they have done for us. As well as actual help with our problems and in our work, they have been an example ever with us. Sometimes as we struggle on, we reach the point where we have felt we could go no farther. How many of us have often packed our bag—ready to leave; feeling we had started something we were not capable of finishing? But then, we looked around and saw them, young women like ourselves, going cheerfully about their allotted tasks, and surmounting each barrier that was set before them. With a feeling of shame we quelled that self that had so easily become discouraged and set ourselves to work with renewed purpose. Now they have attained their goal. We wish to thank them for the many times they have consciously and unconsciously reached out and helped us. And now, with their diplomas in hand, they are leaving us to go to wider fields to spread their knowledge and kindness. May they enjoy even greater satisfaction in gratitude and success, and continue to inspire those who follow them in their chosen profession.

Congratulations!

RUTH WEBSTER,
Sec.-Treas., Class of '45.

The Voice of a "Probie"

We the Probies of Jan. '43,
A happy bunch for all to see—
Blondes, brunettes and red heads gay,
Herewith make moan our toilsome day.
We start routine with brisk P.T.
Then next our breakfast, prunes and tea.
Thus refreshed, then forth we go,
Our faces gleaming with morning glow.
Patients' wakened from their rest
Apprehensively say: Oh! What pests!
For well they know, victims they have
 been
Of these the new therapeutic fiends.
Mistakes are made, and the day looks dim,
We manage to smile, though our chances
 are slim;
And grit our teeth and strive with might,
And lo! behold, the goal is still in sight.
At last mid-day hour arrives,
Good wholesome food on which the probie
 thrives.
And after lunch, we greet with hail
The arrival of the morning mail;
Advice from Mom, and money from Dad,
And cheering words from that certain lad.
We, then, in classes our appointments
 keep—
Some are there to learn, but some, alas!
 to sleep.
In vain, instructors try to teach
Myopic morons how to reach
The dizzy heights of forensic knowledge—
The goal for grads, of this, our college.
After supper for awhile
We sally forth with a winsome smile,
But ere we hear the stroke of eight
Off to study to avoid ill fate.
And when the ten o'clock buzzer goes
We're off to sleep; forgetting our woes.
At crack of dawn with sleep still blotto
Bravely we say the probie's motto—
If we in ourselves seek greater light
Our dawn shall come, however dark our
 night.

G. BIEGLER.

The Sin of Omission

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the things you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flowers you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghost tonight.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time nor thought for
With troubles enough of your own.

Those little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chance to be angels
Which even mortals find.
They come in night and silence,
Each chill, reproachful wrath,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives the bitter heartache
At the setting of the sun.



Definition of snoring: Sheet music.



BEFORE



AFTER

GRADUATION

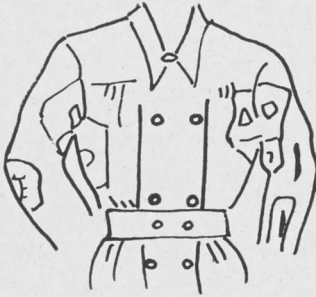
"Shall We Compare? . . . Or is it Fair?"



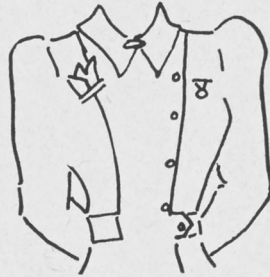
Hair dishevelled, cap askew,
She's always in a dither too.



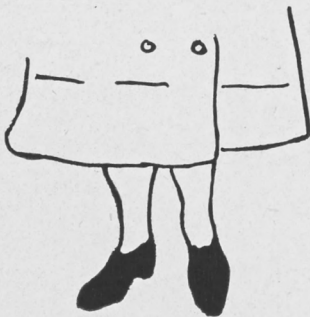
Trim and neat from head to toes,
Calm and poised, where'er she goes.



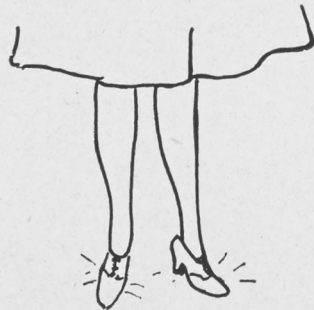
Patches, patches everywhere,
Mend for hours before can wear.



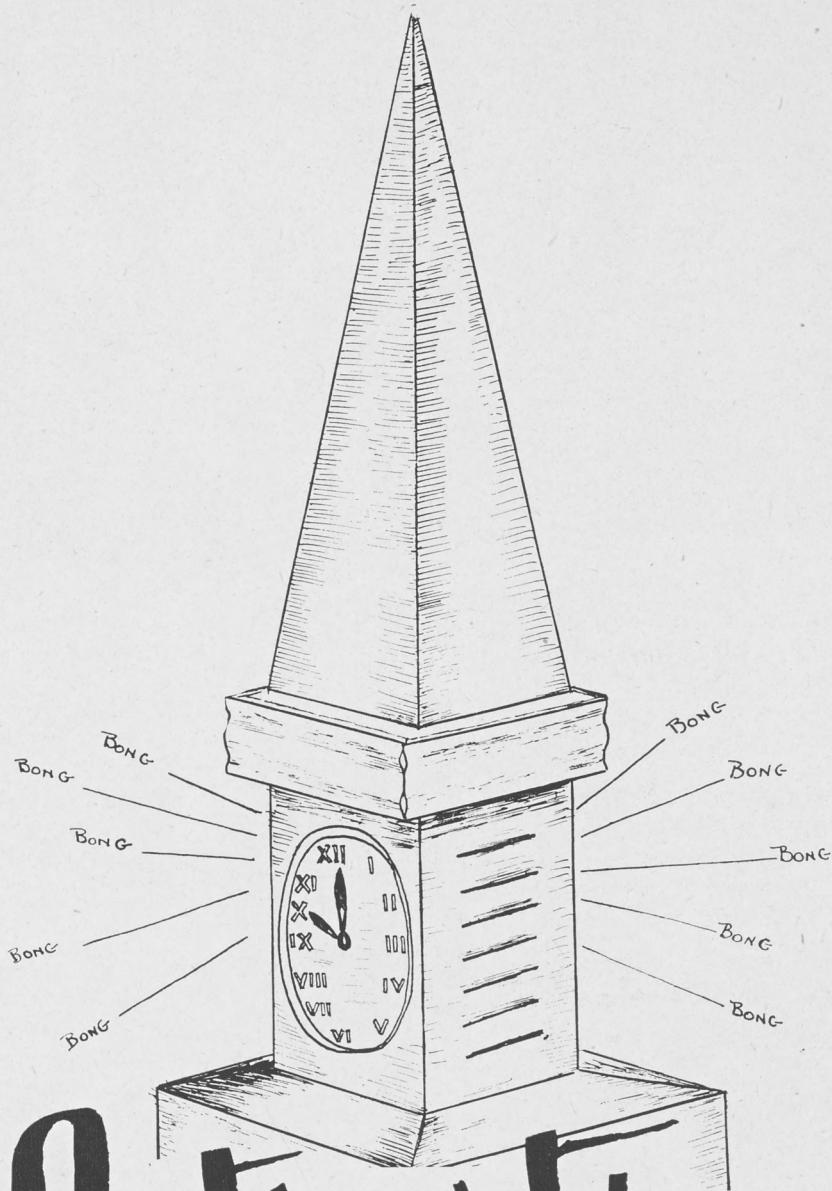
Starched and crisp with pin and crest,
Makes its wearer look her very best.



Polish and shine from morn till night,
Those old black shoes ne'er did look right.



These white shoes need cleaning, too,
But don't they shine when you're through?



Activities



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

ON THIS day of days, I would like to look over the past year and recall the accomplishments of our Student body.

Our Student Council, although comparatively young in existence, has done much to benefit the student members of our school.

At the opening meeting of the term the yearly programme was outlined and our activities got under way. Behind the School Fund, on which the Student Body relies for its independent activities—there is a hope for a beginning of a Scholarship fund—I say a hope, for as yet it has not yet materialized—but our term of office is not quite over—and perhaps we will be able, if not to offer a complete scholarship, we can leave behind us a beginning toward that end.

Last year a Glee Club was organized under the direction of Mr. Marius Benoist, and again this year its activities progressed. And to add to the nurses' interests a Dramatic Club was organized under the supervision of Mrs. G. Graham.

The Hallowe'en party and Christmas Concert were annual activities of the student body. The next school event will possibly be the tennis tournament.

Our Student nurses, in spite of their very limited off-duty hours, are anxious to help all they can, and take part in this struggle which surrounds us. The girls meet one night a week in the Residence in groups of 40 or more to give their time as their war effort making surgical supplies.

And too, this year the Student nurses have adopted a coat of arms. This shield, bearing all the insignias of our nursing profession, is to be our school crest. With the designing of this crest came the changing of our Christmas Greeting cards—they now boast our own nurses' crest.

Our Student Council is now well-established. Let us see that it matures and with it may the members of the school shoulder more responsibilities and privileges.

The Glee Club

"The Heart needs music as the flowers need rain."



MR. M. BENOIST, *Director*

Honorary President SISTER PILON
 President M. MACKENZIE
 Vice-President S. BERG
 Sec.-Treasurer B. LOWEN

THIS is only our second year of existence, so as great as we are, as a whole, neither exceedingly good or great—but we are trying. Here, may we say a special thank you to Mr. Benoist for he knows how "trying" we can be, and a thank you to Miss Berg, our patient accompanist. Our first meetings were spent reviewing selections, but in November we began practicing for our first public appearance—the Annual Christmas Concert. "The First Noël," "Silent Night," were among the carols that we sang. Misses B. Wood, M. Dunfield and E. Fredlund were our soloists. Congratulations, girls, we liked it.

On Christmas Eve, dressed in uniform and carrying lighted tapers, the Glee Club visited the Hospital wards to sing Carols.

In January Miss B. Lowen became our new Secretary-Treasurer, due to the unforeseen absence of Miss Dunfield.

Appreciation of music is an essential part of learning music, and so the Glee Club was privileged in attending some of the Celebrity Concerts. Inspiration does come to us from great artists and good music.

Now we are preparing for Commencement at which we shall sing:

"Come to the Fair" Taylor and Martin
 "The Keel Row" Percy Fletcher
 "Lullaby" Brahms

Later in May, arrangements have been made for the Glee Club to present a musical programme for the Alumnae of St. Boniface.

We have learned something more and we hope have given some pleasure to those who have heard us. Our only hope is that our small successes will lead to a better Glee Club next year with more numerous and greater successes.

To the Graduating class we extend our sincere congratulations and—

When feeling blue,
 Try something new
 To change your thoughts and style;
 For the saving grace
 Of a smiling face
 Is worth an honest trial.

When the clouds are dense
 And you have a sense
 Of some impending wrong;
 Just open your throat
 And strike a note
 Of some good, cheerful song.
 M. MacKENZIE.

Dramatic Club

THE curtain falls on the last act of "A Southern Cinderella,"—a moment of silence—and then applause! The realization of a thing well done—a new venture had been fully completed. The Student nurses had presented their first play—this was in May, 1942. But from this performance of the first-year students an interest in dramatics was born.

With the beginning of a new term and opening of a new season of the Student Council, a Dramatic Club was organized under the direction of Mrs. G. Graham.

Because stage presentation involves more than merely saying lines we, through Mrs. Graham's capable guidance, are learning the art and science of production, direction, costuming and make-up. As yet the stage artists among us are still hidden away—one fine day each will come into her own.

It is only natural that the foundation of the Dramatic Club is composed of the members of the production of "A Southern Cinderella," but added to its membership are girls from each class.

As yet the Dramatic Club is still in its infancy, though we "tried our legs" at the Christmas Concert, at which we presented a one-act play—"The Dark Secret." Perhaps in the near future we shall be able to "try our wings" and again present a three-act play; but that is yet to come and prophecy can be dangerous, especially when our ability is not yet well-founded.

Although it takes talent to make a really successful Dramatic Club—interest is the nurse's understudy for ability and through their continued work and interest in this Dramatic Club we, of the club this year, can only hope for the continuation of a Dramatic Club for the Student nurses.

STUDENTS—are you with me?

MRS. GRAHAM	Directress
GERTRUDE HUTCHISON	President
HELEN HOUSTON	Secretary





They Helped The Red Cross

DURING the past three years which claimed these girls' attention in order to prepare them to enter upon the many branches of their chosen profession, they became, like all citizens, very much aware that extra work must be accomplished in shorter time, so as to assist in this, their countrymen's duty. What could be their "War Effort?" They had previously contributed to the British Civilian Nurses' Relief Fund as had other nurses across Canada. But still they felt perhaps there was another way of giving help. Graduate Nurses were making surgical supplies—why couldn't they? Recently they applied for permission to assist the Graduate Nurses in the preparing of surgical dressings for the Red Cross. So far they have averaged fifteen hundred dressings a week. Even during those years when the student nurse is just learning to find her way along the "path of responsibility," she is accepting these responsibilities—especially in this time of trial.

MRS. THERESA HULME.

We Are In The War Too . . .

NOWADAYS the women war workers don khaki, blues, or overalls and leather gloves. They learn to handle a monkey-wrench as well as they can handle the knitting needles. Some girls, in their leisure hours, act as hostesses—but our "off hours" are of such short duration that well . . . even our knitting is of no merit. But with will, came a way to do our share. The Red Cross Society, with special permission, came to us. It does sound like the mountain coming to Mohammed! Doesn't it? It works like this: Under the instruction of Mrs. Theresa M. Hulme the student nurses, in groups of about forty, take turns in attending the Red Cross meeting, held once a week, to make surgical dressings. Though the time we spend is short, the amount of work that is accomplished does help to balance supply to the demand. So we "ten o'clock" gals can do a little portion of war effort—and what could be more in our line than . . . surgical dressings?

On the Change of Uniforms



ENTER GRACIE BLUE DRESS . . . EXIT AGATHA WHITE GARB

SHARP SHOOTING

During a frontier whoop-a-doop a bad man, who was so skinny that if he closed one eye he would look like a needle, took a bullet in the leg. His friends rushed him to the camp doctor who stuck his head out of the window in reply to their cries.

"Where's he shot?"

"In the leg."

"Some shootin', called the doctor as he slammed the window and went back to sleep.

CONSCIENCE: the inner voice which warns us that someone may be looking—
Meneker.

SUSPENSE

It couldn't be! A clammy sweat came out on the palms of my hands, my eyes dropped, and I almost swooned, so great was my amazement. Yet, there he was, his eyes flashing defiantly and his hands trembling as he sharpened the blade. I had an overwhelming desire to rush forward and stop the rash youth, but my muscles refused to function. The blade moved closer and closer to his throat with tantalizing slowness. I stiffened in horror, waiting for the first terrible swipe. Yes, in spite of all advice, my young kid brother was shaving!

B. STRACHAN.

ALUMNAE



STAFF GRADUATES



*Standing (left to right)—B. Bell, Mrs. B. Smith, M. Handelon, P. Weber, Mrs. M. Gendell, M. Tullock, J. Lylyk, C. DePape, Mrs. A. MacKay, M. Campbell, Mrs. Dumais.
Sitting—H. Oliver, H. Eggleton, L. Shewfelt, P. McAlister, O. McDonald, A. Kessler, M. Kozak, R. Toupin, L. Thompson.*

The Alumnae

IN 1906 the St. Boniface Nurses' Alumnae Association was formed with thirty-two members. The meetings were small and were held in the different homes, and were chiefly of a social character. As the membership increased, the Nurses' Residence was selected as a permanent meeting place. The following officers were selected for 1943:

<i>Honorary President</i>	REV. SISTER A. BOISVERT (Superior of St. Boniface Hospital)
<i>Honorary Vice-President</i>	MRS. A. CROSBY
<i>President</i>	MISS S. WRIGHT
<i>First Vice-President</i>	MISS Z. BEATTY
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	MRS. W. G. MONTGOMERY
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	MRS. A. LITTLE
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	MISS L. VAUDECAR
<i>Treasurer</i>	MISS J. AUBIN
<i>Archivist</i>	MRS. R. CHALKE

When the first Great War was declared, sixty members answered the call. In 1939, when the second and present World War was declared, many nurses answered again.

The activities of the Alumnae are varied: educational, social and welfare. We have a Scholarship Loan Fund to benefit nurses in Post-Graduate work. We have assisted in the work of the Red Cross and Milk for Britain Fund.

The Alumnae held two regular monthly meetings during the year.

A spring dance was held at the Marlborough Hotel in aid of the British Civilian Nurses' Relief Fund. And again the annual fall dance proved to be the dominating social affair of the year.

It is a tradition that the Alumnae entertain for the Graduating Class each year. So, again this year the Alumnae held a dinner in their honor.

As is customary, last year was brought to a close with a banquet as a finale. Guest speaker at the event was Mr. Fred Gee.

Our monthly meetings and annual events are customs carried on from year to year, but each term brings new endeavors both in welfare and educational work.

During this past month or so, we, as a whole, and many members, individually, have become acquainted with those nurses who are soon to be part of the Alumnae. We have said "hello" and "please come and make yourself at home," but now I would like to give a formal "welcome and congratulations" to them. We of the Alumnae want to hold the door open for you to pass into this wider field of endeavor.

Looking at the Alumnae

MEETING called to order!

There we were attending our first Alumnae meeting as invited guests. This was a preview, a spreading of the "welcome mat" to us of the Graduating class. The evening of March 10 marked another step for us—meeting the nurses of the Alumnae socially, as one of their number. After the general business meeting, Madame President, Miss Wright, presiding, the evening was left to the capable hands of their Social Convenor, Miss Rungay. The evening's plan was a Fashion Show under the direction of Mrs. Gendal and Mrs. Smith. This feature though, held something special, the gowns shown were CREATIONS of many decades—and all wedding gowns; a rather whimsical presentation to a group of spinster students. Each gown was an authentic wedding dress, the oldest, one of 60 years ago. Some with heavy applique, lace embroidery, lace insets, tucks, gathers, drapes, straight lines, flowing skirts, bustles and trains—each one with a love story behind it—a romantic thought, isn't it? Yet we smiled at the finery of the brides of yesteryear. That was our first alumnae meeting—next time we attend we'll have become active members of St. Boniface Alumnae.

And too, during our last year we had been allowed to attend a meeting of the M. A. R. N.—Still in training but here we were being accepted as full fledged nurses and soon some of these responsibilities were to fall on us. This year was the first time this privilege has been extended to student nurses so we of the senior class were duly honored.

And, as is customary, two members of the Graduating Class attended the Convention of the M. A. R. N. acting as representatives of their class. Charmian Kinsey and Agnes LeBlond were appointed to attend these impressive proceedings, upon which they reported to both their own class and to the alumnae.

These are our few associations with our alumnae, but soon we of the graduating class, will be numbered among them as active members.



LIFE'S LITTLE TEMPTATIONS

With the Services . . .

DO you remember the day in June, 1940—June 5th it was, when Winnipeg proudly waved goodbye to the first group of young women in uniform to go overseas in this war? They were 50 pretty young women wearing the smart navy uniform of Nursing Sisters of the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps.

From the point of view of numbers, it's a far cry from that day in June until this day in March. Now over 1,000 graduate nurses in Canada have been mobilized in the R.C.A.M.C., and more than 400 of them are on duty overseas. Another 300, wearing the same uniform and the South African badge, have left to take up duties in the South African nursing service.

Bluebells is a name the old soldier found for the nursing sisters because of their light blue service dress with shining brass buttons. How well we know that uniform today—stiff white collars and cuffs, with the white apron and veil worn when on duty, the tan belt, the tan shoes and stockings. The navy top coat lined with scarlet is worn with matching crush hat. For dress-up occasions there is a silk

dress in a darker shade of blue but made the same as the service dress.

The story of nurses following the fighting forces to the battlefronts of the world, serving their country in military hospitals everywhere, had its beginning with Florence Nightingale in the Crimean war. In Canada nursing service for the Canadian forces began in the Northwest Rebellion of 1885. Mrs. Phoebe Howard, last surviving member of the little group of pioneer nurses who cared for wounded soldiers on the Saskatchewan battlefields, died in Winnipeg last month.

In 1901 the nursing service was made an integral part of the Canadian Army Medical Corps. Canadian nurses served with distinction in the South African War, returning in 1902. In 1904 provision was made for a nursing reserve of 25 which was raised to a permanent corps in 1906. Canadian nurses rendered gallant service in the first Great War, the permanent corps being retained afterwards.

—Excerpts from article in Winnipeg Tribune by Verena Garioche.

CHOICE

I'm not going out tonight; I need
Some time to rest and a chance to read.
I'm not going out to see a play
Nor to dine and dance at a cabaret.

There are letters, too, that I must write;
Besides, it looks like rain tonight
And I'm not going out while storm clouds
brew—

Besides, no one has asked me to!

★

Then there was the little moron who
took the springs out of his car so it
wouldn't give.

BEFORE THE OPERATION

One of the best ways to prepare for an operation is to think of it in the past.

As you pack your bag for the hospital say: "By this time tomorrow I will be rid of this murderous pain."

When you reach your bed and they musselini you with castor oil, say: "By this time next week I will be able to grin and bear it better."

In the morning when they prepare you for the ride on an empty stomach, say: "When they bathe me tomorrow it will be for breakfast."

As they wheel you towards the ether emporium, say: "At this hour ten days from now I'll be riding home in a taxi."

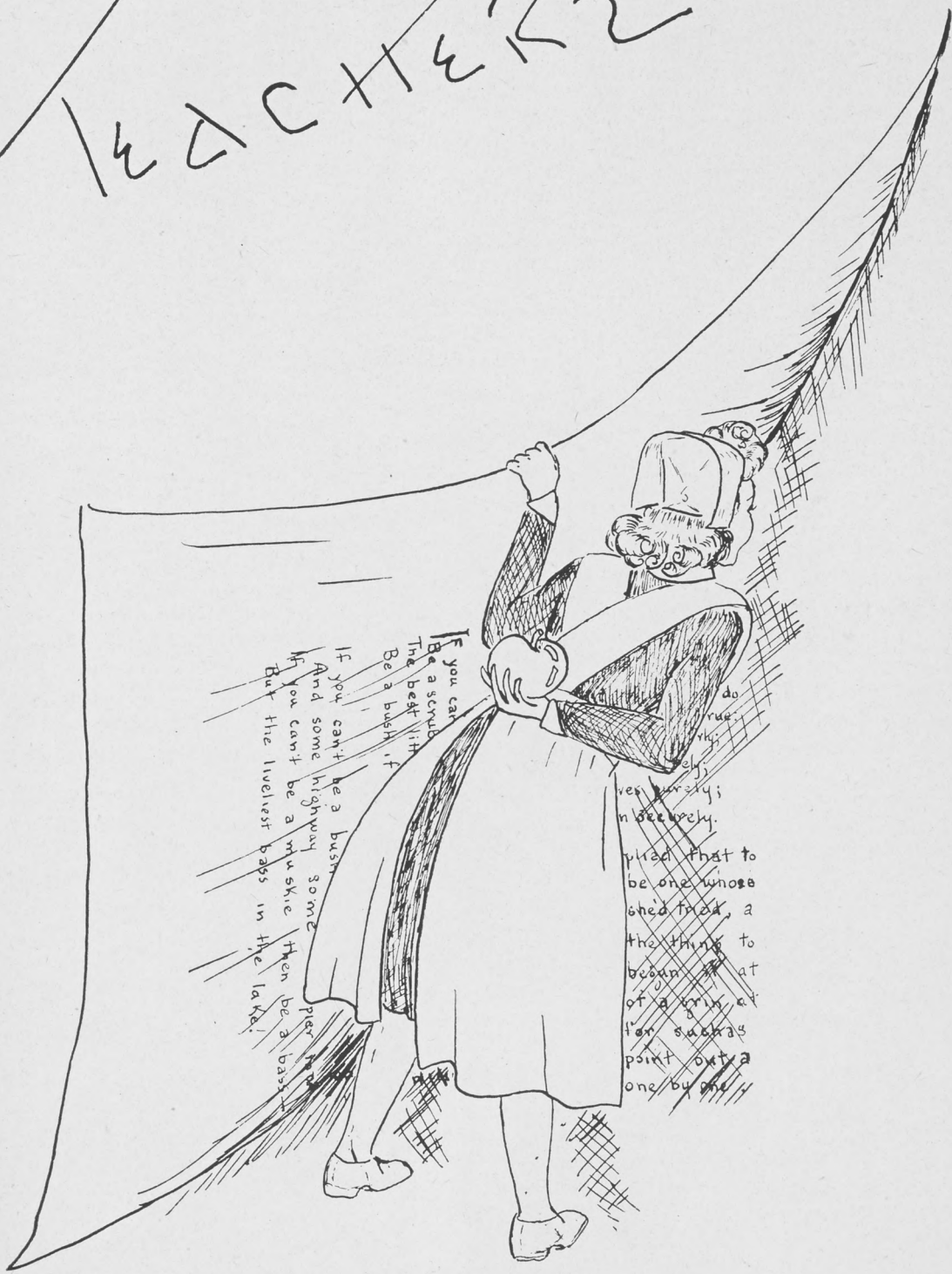
As they strap you to the operating table, say gaggingly: "Well, it's never too late to mend, is it?"

As they place the ether cone over you . . . say your prayers.

Where They Went From Here

Christina Barr	Oak River, Man.	Oak River, Man.
Dorothy Bingham	Pilot Mound, Man.	General Hosp., Warroad, Minn.
Mae Creelman	Kenora, Ont.	Vancouver, B.C.
Lorraine Dierker	Cudworth, Sask.	Ottawa, Ont.
Joan Dixon	Pine Falls, Man.	R.C.A.F.
Adeline Kessler	Pangman, Sask.	O.R., St. Boniface Hospital
Hazel Howson	Quill Lake, Sask.	Victoria, B.C.
Ida Hewitt	Victoria, B.C.	Mrs. Parker, Winnipeg
Helen Giesbrecht	Winnipeg, Man.	Specializing
Mae Drobot	Watrous, Sask.	San Francisco, Calif.
Anne Kittleson	Sprague, Man.	Rodeau, Minn.
Mary Kozak	Weyburn, Sask.	O.R., St. Boniface Hospital
Caroline Lazenby	Kamsack, Sask.	Vancouver General Hospital
Helen Linn	Poplar Point, Man.	Children's Memorial Hospital, Montreal, Que.
Jean Lylyk	Arran, Sask.	Tache Ward, S.B.H.
Lois Taylor	Neche, N.D.	Neche, North Dakota
Cecilia Sexton	Saltcoats, Sask.	Mount Sinai Hospital, Cleve- land, Ohio
Patricia McAlister	Beausejour, Man.	O.R., St. Boniface Hospital
Bertha Moffitt	Swan River, Man.	St. Anne "A," S.B.H.
Lorraine Marchand	Duluth, Minn.	Army, Duluth, Minn.
Pauline Webber	Benson, Sask.	St. Mary's Ward, S.B.H.
Jean Yaremkewich	Fisher Branch, Man.	Trail, British Columbia
Ruth Adams	Inglis, Man.	Concordia Hospital, Winnipeg
Vivian Bradshaw	Winnipeg, Man.	Children's Hospital, Winnipeg
Ethel Creech	Lloydminster, Sask.	Lloydminster, Sask.
Rheta Lawson	Qu'Appelle, Sask.	King Edward Hospital, Kam- sack, Sask.
Georgina Landry	St. Norbert, Man.	Trail, British Columbia
Helen Harder	Winkler, Man.	Winkler Hosp., Winkler, Man
Mary Geenen	Muenster, Sask.	New Westminster, B.C.
Susan Derksen	Boissevain, Man.	Winkler Hosp., Winkler, Man.
Anne Lepinski	Esterhazy, Sask.	St. Vital San., Manitoba
Wynnifred Macnab	Winnipeg, Man.	Lloydminster, Sask.
Lillian Ottley	Assiniboia, Sask.	Assiniboia, Sask.
Joy Prested	St. Vital, Man.	Vancouver, B.C.
Evelyn Raabel	Pelly, Sask.	Pelly, Sask.
Jeanne Tremblay	Courval, Sask.	St. Anne "A," S.B.H.
Elva Taylor	Minnedosa, Man.	Neepawa, Man.
Molly Snyder	Manitou, Man.	E.E.N.T., S.B.H.
Thura Rollefson	Medicine Hat, Alta.	Concordia Hospital, Winnipeg
Marie Rogal	Druid, Sask.	Mrs. Wolan, Herbert, Sask.
Sister Latreille	St. Boniface, Man.	Supervisor, Normant Ward, St. Boniface Hospital

LECTURE



If you can
Be a scrub
The best with
Be a bush, if
If you can't be a bush
And some highway some
If you can't be a muskie then be a bass
But the liveliest bass in the lake!

do
true
work,
ely,
very purely;
indecisively.
pled that to
be one whose
shed that, a
the thing to
begin at at
of a grin at
for such a
point out a
one by one



MISS IDA TROENDLE



MISS GRACE SPICE

MISS Troendle was born in Windthorst, Sask., attended High School there, and then went to Regina Normal School, graduating in 1930. She taught at Macklin, Sask., and then at Lampman, Sask. After five years of teaching, Miss Troendel turned to the profession of Nursing. She graduated from the St. Boniface School of Nursing in the summer of 1940 and left that September to take a course in teaching Nursing Arts at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

Upon the completion of her course, Miss Troendle came back to St. Boniface Hospital and in January, 1941, accepted the position of Practical Instructor at the St. Boniface School of Nursing, which position she still holds.



MISS Grace Spice was born and educated in Winnipeg, Man. She attended the University of Manitoba, from which she graduated in 1931 with a B.Sc. Miss Spice entered nursing at the Brooklyn Hospital, Brooklyn, New York, graduating in 1941. Coming back to Winnipeg, she taught Nursing Arts for one year at the Winnipeg General Hospital. During the summer of 1942 Miss Spice attended a summer course in Physiology and Bacteriology at the Chicago University, Chicago, Ill. From there, in the following September, Miss Spice accepted the position she now holds—that of Science Instructor at St. Boniface Hospital.

Out on a Limb

NOBODY came to interview me for the Year Book. Oh, the committee asked me for an Article, but I wanted to be interviewed. I was hoping that someone would corner me in the office some day and ask me questions. It is so much easier to answer the questions. (I still think so, examinations or no examinations!)

But nobody came. I had the easy chair all free of papers and my lab. coat put away, and most any day I could have found the time to be interviewed. I'd love to be interviewed . . . and I never have been.

So I'll just interview myself and leave the results around where some Year Book person will see them and hope that they will use them instead of an article. Yes, I'll even think up the questions!

"What do you think of nursing (oh, that should have a capital N, I guess, Miss Spice?)."

"Oh, I think that it is wonderful! I really do think that it is an awful good idea. Now for any girl who has ambition and stability and a good sense of judgment. (Seems to me that I heard this before and I don't want to be repetitious.) However, I don't think that the list usually includes a sense of humor and the ability to come up fighting even when she knows that she can't win, and a Mother or at least an Aunt within reach to cook good meals and to mend clothes and take shoes to be half-soled, or if she can't be close enough for that, a Mother who sends frequent boxes of food! This girl should have a really faithful boy friend or anyway some brothers to take her to the movies occasionally. A brother is often best because it is a rare friend who can stand the strain of the ten o'clock deadline for three years. And she needs a couple of really good girl friends who will stand by and be patient and understanding even when their telephone messages get lost or confused or delivered too late and the arrangements don't work out right. If a girl has these assets and those others, too, I think Nursing is a good thing for her."

"Do you think most girls really know

what nursing (oh! slipped again) is like before they come in training?"

"Occasionally, but not often. When asked why she had chosen Nursing as a career, one student replied that she hadn't been sure which she wanted to be—a nurse or a hairdresser—but people told her that hairdressing was hard work."

"What do you think of the St. Boniface School of Nursing?"

"I think that it is a good school. It has a nice substantial tradition and a good standard, but I think it's future is even brighter than its past. Due to all the publicity Nursing is receiving, girls are coming into training better prepared. We are always working toward what we hope will be methods of teaching that will set ever better standards. It's more fun if you don't have to do the same thing in the same way more than twice. And in doing it you usually get an idea for some better way to do it. And if it isn't a better way, you can always go back to the old way."

"Which do you like the best—the St. Boniface or the General?" (I didn't have to think up that question, it has been asked of me 39 times to date.)

"Do you think I'm going to answer that? I have managed to balance on the fence for nearly a year now and keep my friends in both places. I should fall off now?"

"What do you think of post-graduate study, Miss Spice? Don't you think this is a poor time for a nurse to go back to school or go on going to school when she is so urgently needed to nurse?"

"This question leads into one of the biggest problems in Nursing. I'm so glad you asked it. My advice to the new graduate, generally speaking, would be to work for a while, say for a year, to have time to consolidate her learning and to fill in the gaps in her training. And it's nice, too, to take time to taste her new freedom and earn a spot of money. But more important still is the fact that the most effective basis for learning is some really solid practical experience. A girl who goes back to classes to learn how to be a teaching surgical supervisor will have a tremendous advantage if she has struggled

with the routine on a surgical ward and appreciates the problems that are solved one week, only to arise to be re-solved the next week."

"Well, what do you think is the best field in post-graduate study right now?"

"That question also asks me to stick my neck out! I should take sides in the issue: Public Health versus Hospital Work, Medicine versus Surgery, A Doctor's Office versus Social Service. But there is one big need that I think is basic to all these other fields. To have nurses for any of these important jobs we must train them in Hospitals, and to give students a thorough training in Hospitals, we need more trained teaching supervisors. Right now the claim is that teaching has to take second place, that the work has to be done first. But you can't tell me that the work wouldn't benefit by a little teaching being done along the way. A qualified teaching supervisor is trained to get the work out of the student and the knowledge into her with the least time and effort wasted in confusion, frustration and mistakes.

"Does that answer the question? But maybe here is just another little point I can get in, in reply to the same question. Post-graduate work really involves anything a nurse does after she graduates, and even though she may not feel inclined toward formal classes immediately after her escape, if she has a real thirst for knowledge (which I'm afraid she does not always acquire in a school of nursing), any job, anywhere, can be a learning opportunity for the new graduate. In fact, the day is coming, mark my words, when we are going to have to cut down on many

of the specialties we try to cram into three years' training, and any nurse who wants to be qualified to do more than nurses' aids are doing today, will **have** to take post-graduate training."

"But what is the use of all this training and super-training if a nurse goes out and gets married the day after graduation (to really get her money's worth out of her flowers?"

"Ha! That question is easy enough to answer this year. I would have been afraid to voice an opinion ten years ago, and I may be afraid again ten years from now when we get back to more normal times (I hope). If I upheld the starry-eyed bride, I would be accused of being incurably romantic. (Poor Miss Spice.) If I held out for the all-sustaining life in the profession, I'd be called a disillusioned old maid. (Poor Miss Spice.) But right now, you see, the decision is taken out of my hands. One advantage of living today, for a person who hates to take sides and to expose herself to criticism, is that the Government will tell her what to think and do in most important issues. Nowadays, married or not, a nurse is still a nurse, and if she can handle two jobs, I say—more power to her."

"So whether they take on one or two (or more) jobs (as the song says) in the near future, I want to congratulate our new graduates on entering the profession when no one questions their value and everyone accepts the need for the services they can render, and they have my very best wishes."

GRACE SPICE,

Science Instructress.

interns

Name Miss C. Kinsey

Address 236 Sherburne

R Magnesi Sulphatis

\mathfrak{z}^{ii}

Tincturae Sennae

Compositae

\mathfrak{z}^{vi}

Syrupi Zingiberis

$\mathfrak{z}^{\text{xxx}}$

Aquam Menthae Piperitae ad

\mathfrak{z}^{vi}

Misce. Fiat Mistura

Signa: \mathfrak{z}^{i} ex aqua A.C.

pettocommon

COUNTRY DOCTOR

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Old Doc Smith has his rounds to go
To the ill and well, to the high and low,
And he plows his way through the swirl
of snow,
The worst of the blizzard weather scorn-
ing.
Then it's "Out with your tongue and let
me see;
You have athlete's foot, you have house-
maid's knee,
So you'll drink this down and you'll sleep,"
says he,
"And you'll be all right in the morning."

Old Doc Smith with his pills and such,
Is wise and shrewd with the human touch,
And he knows right off that you ate too
much,
So he shakes his finger for a warning.
Then he gives you a dose that is black
and strong,
And its taste is bitter and it lasts too long,
But you are glad when he laughs—for he
can't be wrong—
"You'll be all right in the morning."

Old Doc Smith has a lot to do,
He has far to go and he is never through,
So you can't see how he has time for you
With all the dying and the a-borning.
But he'll put you to bed and he'll tuck
you in,
And you know you'll live, for you see
him grin,
And you hear him growl as he strokes
his chin,
"You'll be all right in the morning."

"... Your wife needs a change," said
the doctor. "Salt air will cure her."

The next time the physician called he
found Sandy sitting by the bedside fan-
ning his wife with a herring.

★

"Give me three pence worth of mor-
phine!" commanded the Scotchman of the
drug clerk.

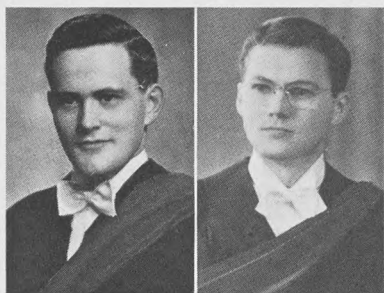
"What do you want it for?" asked the
clerk with proper caution.

"Tuppence!" was the instant reply.

A Scotchman cut himself while shav-
ing, and instantly ran to the nearest hos-
pital to find out if anyone wanted a trans-
fusion, only to find that a fellow-country-
man, who had been in a fight and suffered
a nosebleed, had beaten him to it.

★

And there was the Scotchman who
married the snake-charmer so that when
he got the D.T.'s he wouldn't have to send
for a doctor.



KENNETH EDWARDS—Transcona, Man.

Come Christmas with it's mistletoe—but he didn't need the mistletoe.

Ambition: General Practise.

Immediate Future: Active Service (Army?). Look out Hitler!

WILLIAM FRIESEN—Steinback, Man.

Another quiet interne—ever meet him on New Year's Eve????

Ambition: Pathology.

Immediate Future: Senior in Pathology (W.G.H.).



ASA KRISTJANSSON—Winnipeg, Man.

Recently married Dr. J. MacDonell (W.G.H.).

"Sugar and spice and all things nice."

Ambition: The wife and doctor!

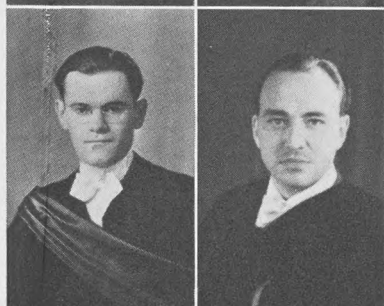
CLAIR F. BENOIT—St. Boniface, Man.

The mighty mite. 5 ft. 2½ of sunshine????

Allergy is definitely "Pre-ops," But Yes!

Ambition: General Practice.

Immediate Future: Active Service (Army?).



STEWART ORCHARD—Broadview, Sask.

Do you usually prescribe lemons for patients with the mumps Doctor?

Ambition: General Practice.

Immediate Future: Rotating Senior S.B.H.

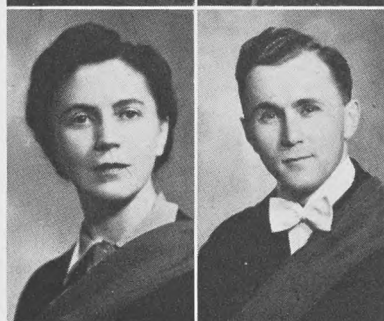
VILHJALMUR GUTTORMSSON—Lundar, Man.

"Bill."

Wine, women and song—but life is SO short!

Ambition: General Practice.

Immediate Future: Active Service (Navy?).



CHRISTINA CURRAN—Winnipeg, Man.

The diminutive questionnaire. When she left us she had a stiff neck. The cause????

Ambition: Radiology.

Immediate Future: Active Service (Navy?).

ADOLPH THEEMAN—Transcona, Man.

"Them's fighting words Sinclair, put up your dukes."

Ambition: Orthopedics.

Immediate Future: Active Service (Air Force?).



EILEEN MULLIN—Winnipeg, Man.

Quiet and Irish!! Fueds and variety add to the spice of life.

Ambition: ?

Immediate Future: Internship in the U.S.A.

JOHN WARD—Russell, Man.

Married March, 1943.

Quiet (even in the Intern's quarters which is phenomenal)!

Ambition: General Practice.

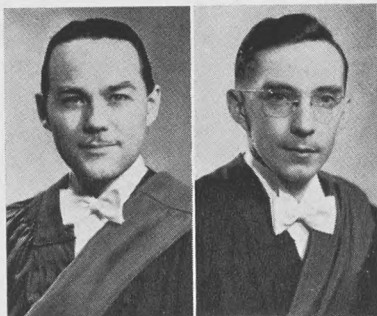
Immediate Future: Active Service (Army?).

ALBERT TOMS—Winnipeg, Man.

"Sure cure—Tom's smile and chuckle—money-back guarantee."

Ambition: General Practice.

Immediate Future: Active Service (Army?).



JOHN MALCOLM—Winnipeg, Man.

"Mac." Married September, 1943.

"Please do not disturb"—he is having a long chat.

Ambition: Non-committal—but 'tis whispered Obstetrics.

Immediate Future: Active Service (Army?).

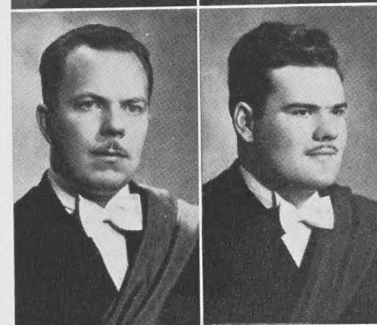


ROSS WILLOWS—Winnipeg, Man.

"The Bishop"—When you can't find him, phone the O.R.

Ambition: (Censored)

Immediate Future: Rotating Senior, S.B.H.



MARVIN WASSERMANN—Regina, Sask.

Have you heard him read poetry? Oh la la! !

Ambition: General Practice.

Immediate Future: Active Service (Army?).



JACK MARTIN—Neepawa, Man.

Stooge for the nurses—but he loves it.

Married March, 1943.

Ambition: Internal Medicine.

Immediate Future: Active Service (Army?).



WILLIAM SINCLAIR—Winnipeg, Man.

We didn't know him at his best—jiving. He's "hot stuff" they tell us.

Ambition: Surgery.

Immediate Future: Active Service (Air Force?).

HOWARD McEWEN—Dauphin, Man.

"Dr. McEwen, the Interne," dates of the month, and dates of the night—he's careful about them both.

Ambition: General Practice.

Immediate Future: Was appointed Senior, but—Active Service (Air Force?).

ROBERT MacNEIL—Winnipeg, Man.

Ever heard his line girls? He loves us all with a "purple passion."

Ambition: Orthopedics.

Immediate Future: Active Service (Navy?).

IRVING MILLER—Winnipeg, Man.

After a session in the O.R. with Dr. Burrell he became a scientific curiosity.

Ambition: Surgery.

Immediate Future: Marriage and General Practice—Foam Lake, Sask.

ALLAN BRINSMEAD—Winnipeg, Man.

Married and a father when he arrived at S.B.H.

With pipe and slippers he made an ideal family man. But—he developed appendicitis so he wouldn't have to leave us on April 1.

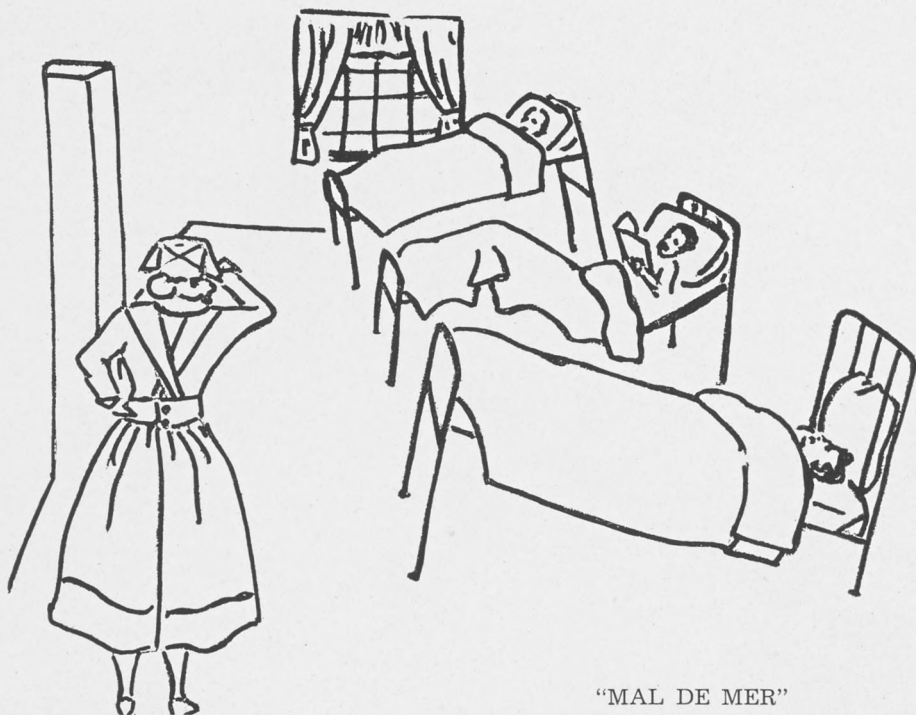
Ambition: General Practice.

Immediate Future: Active Service (Army?).

New Arrivals



... We don't know 'em—YET !!



"MAL DE MER"

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

How lucky is he who from cradle to grave
Can keep all the trick little gadgets God
gave.

For ever since Adam was reft of a rib
The Doctors have hacked us to pieces,
ad lib.

Are you troubled with gout?

Have you gone off your food?

Do you go thru' the day in an indigo mood?

The Doctors will make a new man out
of you—

By yanking out tonsils and adenoids too.

Do you turn a bit greenish when onions
are fried?

Do you suffer with vague-like pains in
your side?

The Doctor will tell you there's not the
least doubt,

Your appendix old fellow—it needs to
come out.

Are you bothered with boils?

Does your heart fail to whirl

At the sight of a check, or a beautiful girl?

It's a hundred to one that the Doctor will
swear

There's something inside you that
shouldn't be there.

Poor Job was the world's most unfor-
tunate chap,

It was he, we believe, who put boils on
the map.

Although his misfortune seemed never to
cease,

At least he was able to die in one piece.

ANON.

HUMOR



THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE

I love thee Mary and thou lovest me—
Our mutual flame is like the affinity
That does exist between two simple bodies
I am Potassium to thy Oxygen.

... 'Tis little that the holy marriage vow
Shall shortly make us one. That unity
Is, after all, but metaphysical.

Oh, would that I, my Mary, were an acid,
A living acid; thou an alkali

Endow'd with human sense, that brought
together,

We both might coalesce into one salt,
One homogenous crystal. Oh, that thou
Were Carbon, and myself were Hydrogen;
We would unite to form olefiant gas,

Or common coal or naphtha—Would to
heaven

That I were Posphorous, and thou wert
Lime

And we of lime composed a Posphuret.

I'd be content to be Sulphuric Acid,
So that thou might be Soda. In that case
We would be Glauber's Salt. Wert thou
Magnesia

Instead we'd form the salt that's named
from Epsom.

Couldst thou Potassa be, I Aqua-fortis,
Our happy union should that compound
form

Nitrite of Potash—otherwise Saltpetre.

And thus our several natures sweetly
blent,

We'd live and love together, until death
Should decompose the fleshly *tertium*
quid

Leaving our souls to all eternity

Amalgamated. Sweet, thy name is Briggs
And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should
not we

Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs?

UNKNOWN.

Tiptoeing down the hospital corridor,
I found Dorothy Parker hard at work.
Since she had given her address as Bed-
pan Alley, and represented herself as
writing her way out, I was loathe to
intrude, but she, being entranced at any
interruption, greeted me from her cot of
pain, waved me to a chair, offered me a
cigarette, and rang a bell. I wondered if
this could possibly be for drinks. "No,"
she said sadly, "it is supposed to bring
the night nurse, so I ring it whenever
I want an hour of uninterrupted privacy."

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT.

★

Mistress: "Mary, I'm afraid I can't give
you a reference."

Mary: "What? Are you illiterate, too?"

★

Mrs. Murphy: "Did you change the linen
on the bed?"

Maid: "No ma'am. It ain't wore out yet."

Two farmers met on a country road and
pulled up their teams.

"Si," said Josh, "I've got a mule with
distemper. What did you give that one of
yours when he had it?"

"Turpentine. Giddap!"

A week later they met again.

"Say, Si, I gave my mule turpentine
and it killed him."

"Killed mine, too. Giddap."

★

Patient: "Doctor, the size of your bill
makes me boil all over."

Doctor: "That will be \$20.00 extra for
sterilizing your system."

★

Professor: "Here you see the skull of a
chimpanzee, a very rare specimen. There
are only two in the country—one in the
national museum and I have the other."



INSOMNIA?

In a gay and carefree mood, a man telephoned a friend at two o'clock in the morning.

"I do hope I haven't disturbed you," he said cheerfully.

"Oh, no," the friend replied, "that's quite all right. I had to get up to answer the telephone anyway."

★

E. Collingwood: "Oh, all you say goes in one ear and out the other."

V. Wilson: "What's to stop it?"

★

Dr. McEwen: "You say that fellow in 110 is suffering from acute alcoholism."

Nurse Gould: "Yes, he used to shake for the drinks, now he's drinking for the shakes."

★

"How's your wife's mental condition since she went to the psychiatrist?"

"Well, she's better, but the poor psychiatrist has gone nuts."

A Chinese cook was walking through the woods when he turned around and saw a bear following him, smelling his tracks. "H'm," said the Chinaman, "you like my tracks, I make some more."

★

Nurse Gauthier: "Time to take your bath."

Hillbilly patient: "No, no, I been baptized once."

★

Miss Avery: "I'd have that tooth pulled out if it was mine."

Miss Brust: "So would I if it were yours."

★

"Here comes a parade—where's Aunty?"

"She's upstairs waving her hair."

"Couldn't we afford a flag?"

★

Miss Spice: "What is a skeleton?"

Miss Collins: "A stack of bones with all the people scraped off."

SHAKESPEARE ON ILLS

INDIGESTION:

They are sick that surfeit with too much,
As they that starve with nothing.

* * *

OBSTETRICS:

It is a wise father that knows his own
child.

* * *

FEVER:

One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's
anguish.

* * *

PROBING:

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

* * *

DISSECTION:

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their
bones.

* * *

SURGERY:

There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough—hew them how we will.

* * *

WET DRESSINGS:

I would fain die a dry death.

* * *

MEDICATION:

If the rascal has not given me medicines
to make me love him,
I'll be hanged.

* * *

WRONG OPERATION:

This was the most unkindest cut of all.

* * *

DISCHARGED:

True friendship's laws are by this rule
expressed,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting
guest.

* * *

EMERGENCY OPERATIONS:

Disease desperate grown

By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

* * *

VISITING HOURS:

A friend should bear his friends
infirmities.

* * *

PULSE-TAKING:

The clock beats out the little lives of
men.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

NURSING:

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

* * *

MATERNITY:

The labor we delight in physics pain.

* * *

LIQUID DIET:

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.

* * *

DAY NURSES:

Methought I heard a voice cry,
"Sleep no more!"

* * *

SPECIALISTS:

When sorrows come, they come not
single spies, but in battalions.

* * *

OSTEOPATHY:

O, it is excellent:

To have a giant's strength; but it is
tyrannous

To use it like a giant.

* * *

INSOMNIA:

Weariness can snore upon the flint, when
rest sloth

Finds the down pillow hard.

* * *

TREATMENTS:

One woe doth tread upon another's
heel,
So fast they follow.

* * *

RESPIRATION:

The worst is not

So long as we can say, "This is the
worst."

★

OTHER STAGES OF SICKNESS

ANESTHETICS:

No man can answer for his courage who
has never been in danger.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

* * *

NURSERY:

Life is a great bundle of little things.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

* * *

BACKRUBS:

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

JOHN DRYDEN.

* * *

ORDERLIES:

They also serve who only stand and
wait.

JOHN MILTON.

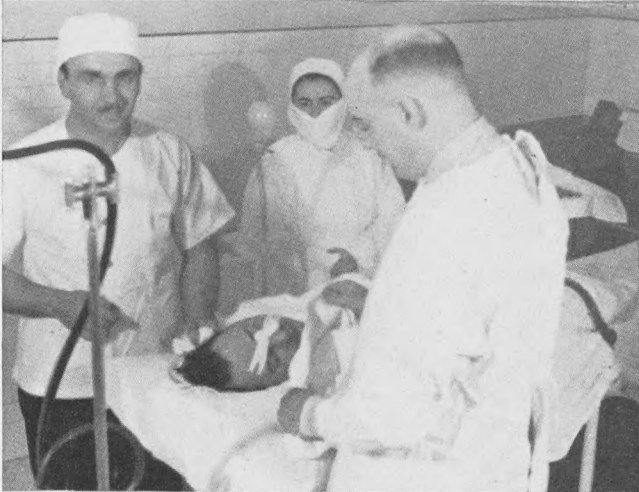
Three smart girls.



Medical clinic
in O.P.O.



Just finished.



O.R. Sisters.



Lunch time.



I like my prunes.



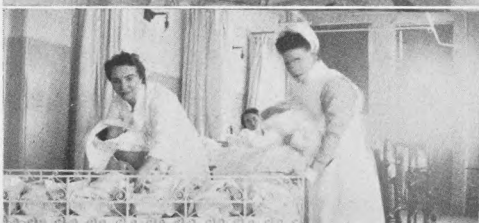
Cleaning
instruments.



Miss Beattie.

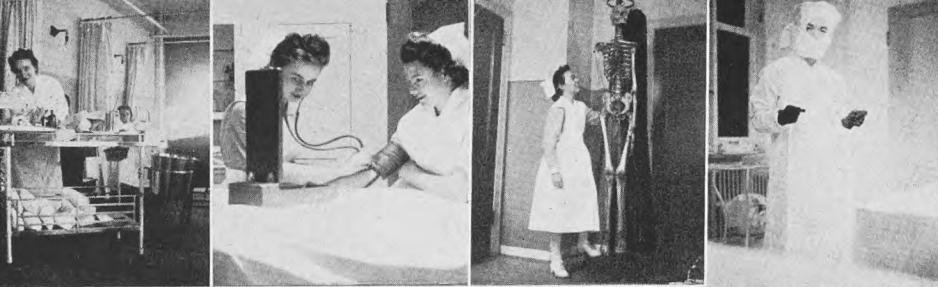


Today's the day
they give babies
away.

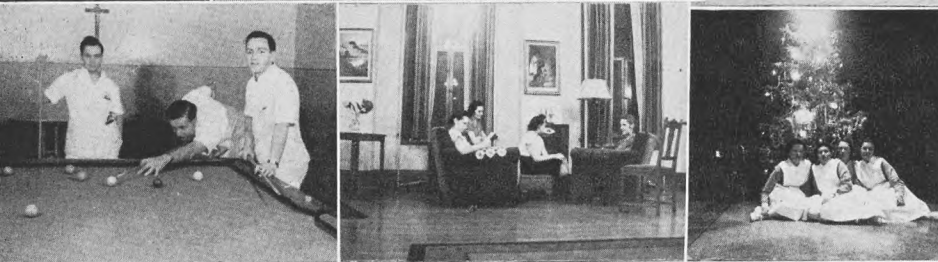


Careful Lottie.





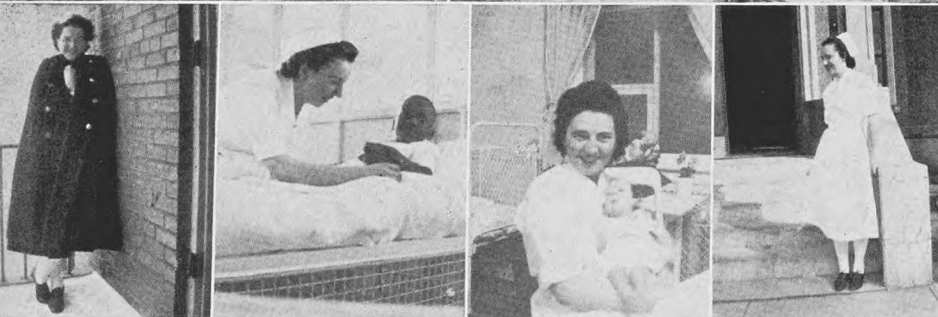
Any old
dressings?
Going up?
Mr. Bones.
Waiting.



Bull's eye.
Peace—perfect
peace.
Christmas-tide.



Boy or girl?
Are these cup-
boards filled?



Br-r-r-r.
Me and my gal.
Some mum.
Mary.



Away in a
manger.
Our Glee Club.
Bicycle built
for two.



Doctors—
Willows
Theeman
Miller
McEwen.



The tennis court.
Our home.
Looking north.

Rock-a-by-baby.
Pulse O.K.?

Charting in the
nursery.

Year Book in the
making.



Welcome!

Mrs. Chase and
nurse.

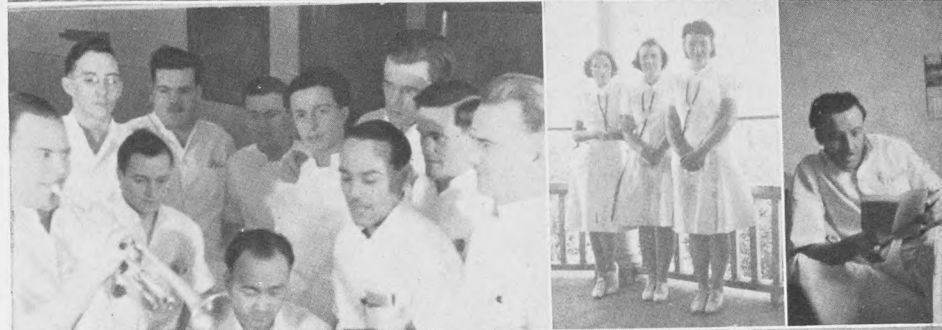
Studying in the
library.



Are you having
and fun?

Women in white.

Dr. Carbotte.

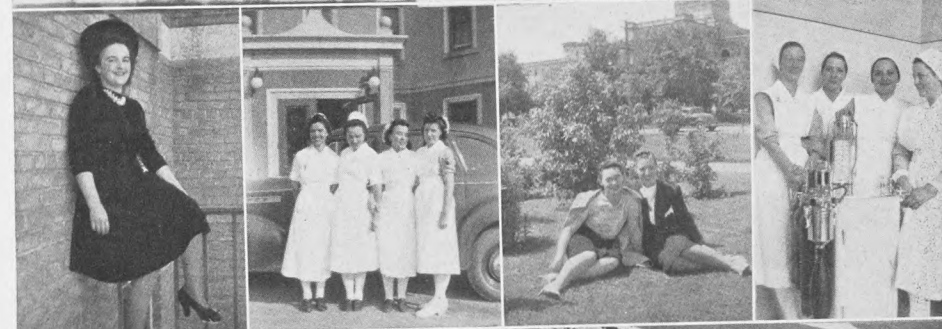


Molly-o.

Good old Roch
days.

Away from it
all.

Emergency.



Scenes from
Corpus Christi
parade.



J. D. Arc night
staff.

Lab. technicians.

Dr. Collin and
patient.



What it is?

Our Room 5.

Holiday time.

Katie, beautiful
Katie!



SENIOR INTERNES

ADAM S. LITTLE—Dauphin, Man. Resident in Medicine, '42-'43. Left April 1, 1943. Private practice, Dauphin.

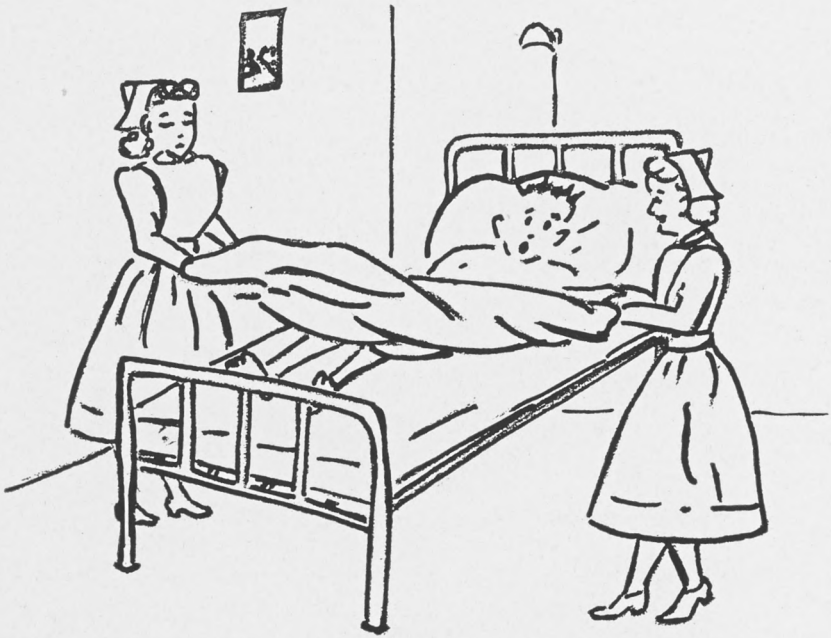
MARCEL CARBOTTE—Rotating Senior, '42-'43.

"BUD" MALONE—Rotating Senior, '42-'43. Active Service, Navy, February, 1943.

CHAS. JOHNSTON—Regina, Sask. Rotating Senior, '42-'43. Left April, 1943, Port Arthur, Ont.

MIKE RANOSKY—Winnipeg, Man. Rotating Senior, '42-'43. Resident in Surgery, '43-'44.

FRED FRANKS—Regina, Sask. Rotating Senior, '42-'43, '43-'44.



YIPES WHAT GOES ON HERE?

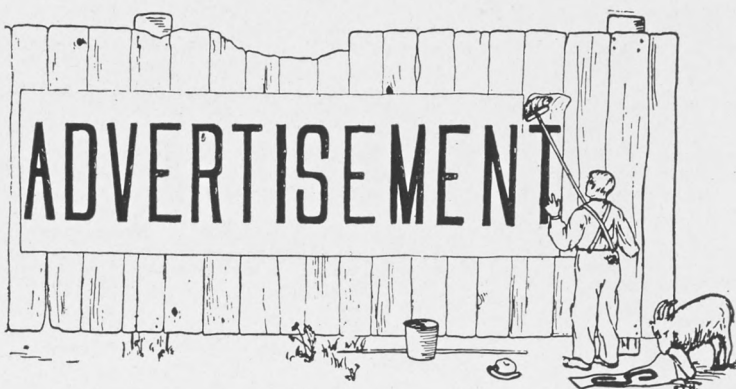
"THREADING OUR WAY"

(Continued from page 31)

So you can see ours is not merely a patching kit with bare essentials—but rather we are artists of fashions, materials and color—we shall be models of designs, as the graduating class before us has

been models for us to follow. To these girls who have helped us thread our way on and showed us "the stitch in time" we, of the sewing basket, say thank you and congratulations.

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FOR CONVALESCENTS!**

Neilson's The *Chocolate* Cocoa

● As a night-cap, a snack or at meal-time there's nothing so satisfying as cocoa . . . and no cocoa more delicious than Neilson's with its true chocolaty flavour.

For convalescents it's ideal . . . soothes the restless . . . wakens jaded appetites. Neilson's is a favourite everywhere. Easy to prepare. Serve it frequently. Always make it with milk.

For each cup required mix dry: 1 tsp. cocoa, 1 tsp. sugar. Stir into a smooth paste with a little cold milk. Fill cup with hot milk, stirring constantly.

Neilson's, the Delicious Cocoa



Neilson's COCOA

½ lb. Tin
19¢
1 lb. Tin
29¢

A woman who had driven the other members of a first-aid class nearly frantic by her continual criticism of the whole idea turned up one morning a complete convert—first-aid training was a wonderful thing, it ought to be compulsory.

“Why,” she said, “yesterday I was sitting at home when I heard a screeching of brakes and then a terrific crash. Two cars had turned over right in front of our gate and four people were lying in the street. One woman had a deep cut in her arm, two men had broken legs, and another severe lacerations of the face. But thank heaven, I remembered exactly what you had taught me. So I bent over and put my head between my knees—and I didn’t faint!”

—Harry Evans.

We can always live on less when we have more to live for.

—S. Stephen McKenny.

For Nurses

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attention.

*The Perfect Watch
for a Nurse . . .*

The Challenger

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BIRKS DINGWALL *Jewellers*

Definition of Rationing: Less and less
of more and more oftener and oftener.

She prefers the night shift because then
she doesn't have to get up in the morning.

Never hit a man when he's down. He
might get up.

A man can fail many times, but he isn't
a failure until he begins to blame some-
body else.

Miss Dane: "I didn't know you suffered
with rheumatism?"

Miss Dobson: "Sure, what else can you
do with it?"

Corsages . . .

*From the Orchid — perfect
in design and color harmony
and priced moderately.*



Our modern, scientific equipment for
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experience in selecting quality stock
. . . . is the reason that "Orchid
Quality" flowers last longer in your
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----- "He said that 80% of those B-Vitamin deficiencies occur in women."†

Many professional people supplement their diet with vitamin B complex because as Borsook states, "It is a tonic even in well people and stimulates without a letdown."

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"He thinks it's important for the nursing staff to receive a rich source of natural vitamin B complex."

†LEPORE, M. J., and GOLDEN, R.: A Syndrome Due to Deficiency of the Vitamin B Complex, J.A.M.A. 117:918-923 (Sept. 13) 1941.

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May Good Fortune
attend you in your
chosen vocation in
life.



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1943 Graduates*

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- Try this new loaf today.

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Marion Street at Tache
Avenue.

*We are now catering to Wed-
dings, Parties, Banquets,
Bridge Parties and
Private Social
Affairs*

For reservation, please Phone 202 061

He puts vitamins in his gin. He says
it's so he can build himself up while he's
tearing himself down.

Thought must be made better and hu-
man, life more fruitful for the divine
energy to move it onward and upward.

—Mary Baker Eddy.

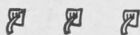
Nothing is denied to well directed labor,
nothing is to be obtained without it.

—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Get your heart into your work, what-
ever it may be, for work without heart
is dead.

—Ramsay MacDonald.

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as produced in our plant has that
subtle element of distinction known as
Character.



21 368

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business administration as well as from
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THE SECRET OF O.R. SUCCESS

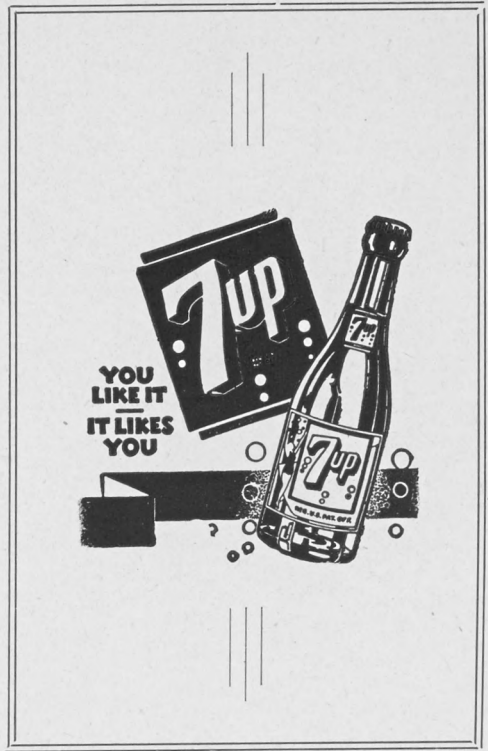
"Keep your eyes open," said the needles;
"Never let go," said the forceps;
"Keep a good edge," said the scissors;
"Don't speculate," said the speculum;
"Be a good sucker," said the probes;
"Stay where you are put," said the dress-
ings;
"Hold fast," said the plaster;
"Keep things together," said the pins;
"Make cutting remarks," said the knives;
"Be always on hand," said the gloves.

Doctor (complacently): "You cough
more easily this morning."

Patient (querulously): "I should, I've
been practising all night."

I slept and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke and found that life was duty.

E. S. Hooper.



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- ▶ To speak pleasantly and distinctly in a normal tone of voice.
- ▶ To say "Goodbye" or otherwise close the conversation pleasantly.
- ▶ To hang receiver up gently when the conversation is completed.

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Hutchen: "How can you tell when your iron is too hot?"

Skinny: "That's easy—the clothes begin to burn and turn brown."

Effie: "You don't think dancing is a good exercise to reduce—what would you suggest?"

Helen: "Just try moving your head from left to right when anyone asks you to have a second helping."

TIME

The time of day I do not tell
As some do, by the clock,
Or by the distant chiming bell
Set on the steeple top;

But by the progress that I see
In what I have to do,
It's either done o'clock to me
Or only half past through.

Eaton's "Bi-Weekly,"
Hamilton, Ont.

Those who trust us educate us.
G. Eliot.

No easy task shall bring us to our goal
But iron sacrifice of body, will, and soul.
Kipling.

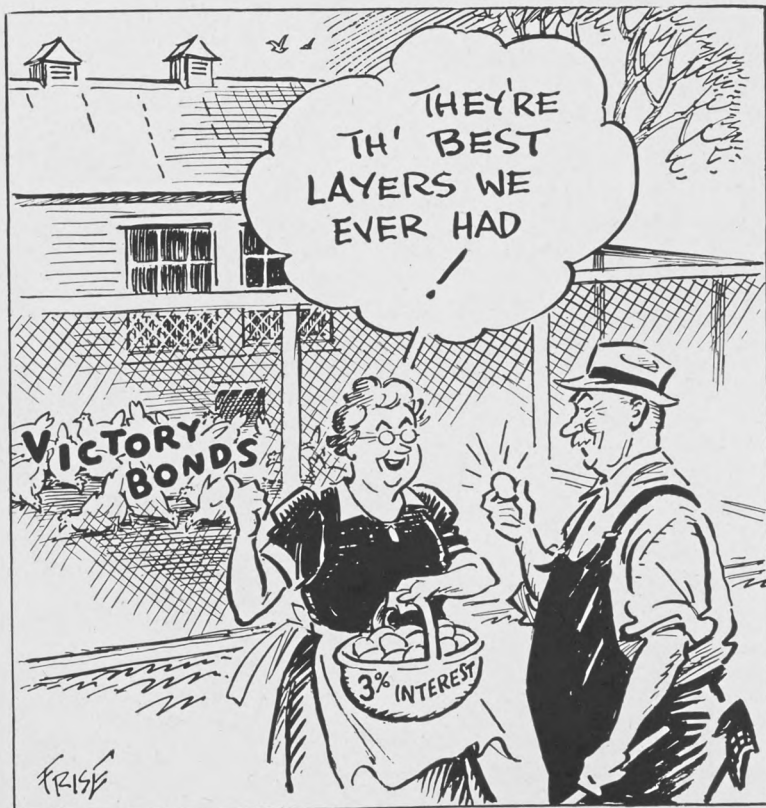
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"Not How Cheap, But How Good"

We must seek after the abundance of
life, or we shall sink into the appearance
of lifelessness.

Dig your well before you are thirsty.



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FOR HEALTH . . .
FOR RELAXATION . . .

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Special Rates to Nurses

130 MARION STREET PHONE 202 982

CULTIVATE THE SMILE

Put the hammer in the locker;
Hide the sounding board likewise;
Anyone can be a knocker,
Anyone can criticize.
Cultivate the manner winning,
Though it hurts your face to smile
And seems awkward in beginning,
Be a booster for a while.
Let the blacksmith do the pounding;
That's the way he draws the pay.
You don't get a cent for hounding
Saint and sinner, night and day.
Just for solid satisfaction
Drop a kind word in the slot,
And I'll warrant you'll get action
On your efforts on the spot.

Amy L. Mack.

To a Nurse—

Kind, gentle and true;
Science made the doctor,
But God made you.

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WHEN THE WAR WILL END

Actual evidence I have none
But my aunt's charwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman, on his beat,
Say to a housemaid on Downing Street
That he had a brother, who had a friend,
Who knew when the war was going to end.

At an examination Dr. Alton asked:
"Does the question embarrass you?"

"Not at all, sir," replied Miss Jones, "not
at all. It's the answer that bothers me."

THE TWINS

Stern of face and grim is Duty
So we're told; and yet she's kin
And walks hand in hand with Beauty
Her inseperable twin.

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CANDID COMMENT

The man who gives in when he is wrong is wise, but he who gives in when he's right, is married.

* * *

When daughter gets a new fur coat it is generally her Dad that's been skinned.

* * *

If you think that you aren't your brother's keeper, you're no taxpayer.

* * *

Once in a while you'll hear of a man who finally gave up drinking—on account of his wife and kidneys.

* * *

Some people boast about their ancestors because dead men tell no tales.

* * *

Love is like insurance—the later in life you get it, the more it costs.

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Training the baby, as the book advises, is a good idea. All you need is a different book for each baby.

If you wish to know the road ahead, inquire of those who have travelled it.

I expect to pass through this life but once.

If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

Stephen Grillet.

A city youngster, in the country for the first time, rushed to his mother and said: "I've seen a man who makes horses. He had one nearly finished when I saw him. He was just nailing on its back feet."

The Presbyterian.

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MUSICAL APPRECIATION

We were giving a concert in a hotel. After the last strains of Handel's Largo floated out, a fat, motherly woman near me leaned over and asked, "Won't you please play Handel's Largo?"

"But we've just finished playing it," I said.

The fat lady sank back in her chair. "Oh, I wish I'd known it," she sighed. "It's my favorite piece."

Mary Browne.

Mother: "Johnnie, dear, I was hoping you would be unselfish enough to give your little sister the largest piece of candy. Why, even that old hen will give all the nicest dainties to her little chicks and take only a tiny one once in a while herself."

Johnnie (after watching old hen awhile): "Well, mom, I'd do the same thing if it was worms."

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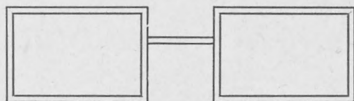
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Don't be afraid of opposition.
Remember, a kite rises against, not
with, the wind.

* * *

The secret of being miserable is to have
the leisure to bother about whether you
are happy or not.

Bernard Shaw.

* * *

It is a funny thing about life—if you
refuse to accept anything but the best
you very often get it.

Somerset Maugham.

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